

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

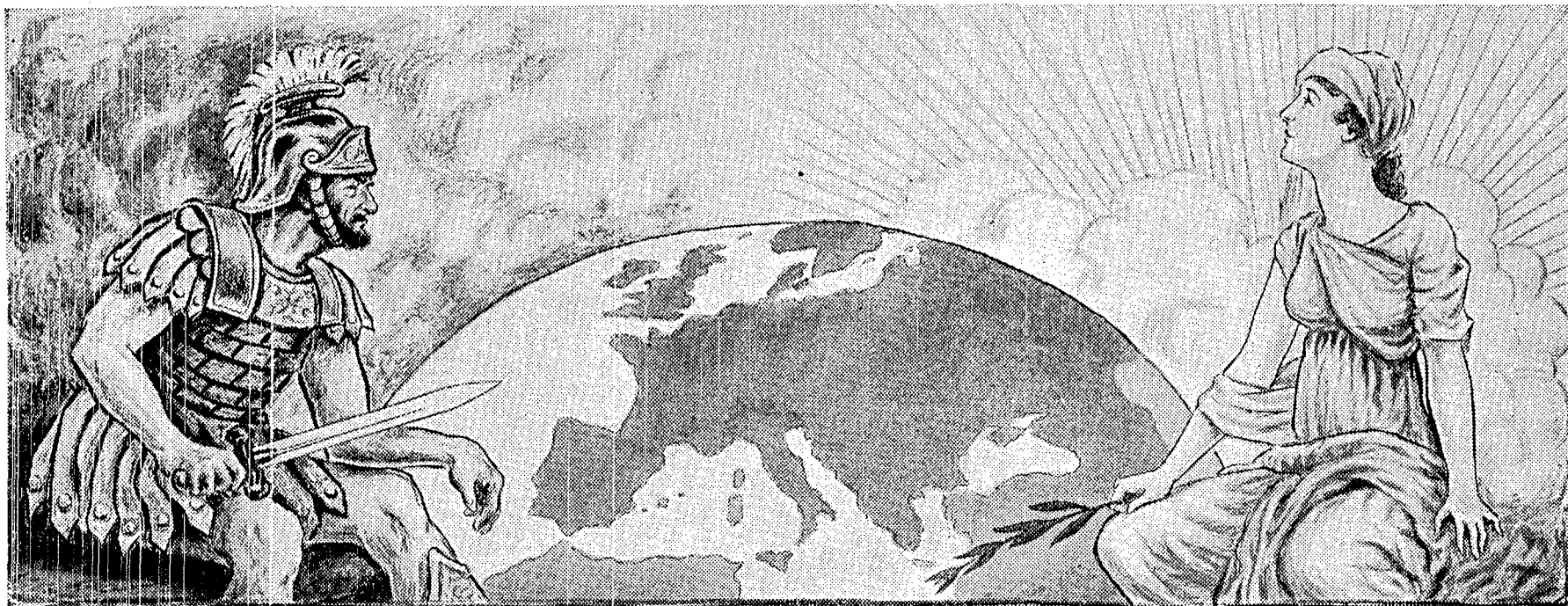
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## PEACE SPEAKS IN THE SHADOW OF WAR



THE friends of the League must have lifted up their hearts in reading the doings of the Assembly this year. It has been a notable meeting, and the League has once again given the answer to those who say that it is a useless institution because it has not been able to stop war.

It has been of special interest to note that the President this year was the Aga Khan, who is a descendant of the son-in-law of Mohammed, and is the spiritual head of the Islamic world.

There have been few Assemblies at which so many moving speeches have been made. Two of them may be said to have been almost from the very battlefields, for one was by the Prime Minister of Spain and the other by the Chinese Ambassador in Paris.

### China's Desire For Peace

Dr Wellington Koo, whose great speech on behalf of China was listened to in silence and delivered in perfect English, described the ghastly character of the war Japan is making on his country, and declared that Japan had consecrated the use of force as an instrument to achieve her policy. China's good intentions and her desire for cooperation had always been thwarted by the Japanese mailed fist.

The pretext that the pressure of over-population was driving Japan afield could be dismissed, nor did Japan lack raw materials. She might not have them at home, but was she not supplied with cotton from the United States, with oil from America and the East Indies, with iron ore from India and Malaya, with wool from Australia, with wood pulp from Canada and the Scandinavian countries?

The Spanish Prime Minister (Señor Negrin) followed Dr Koo with an impressive picture of the horrors of the Spanish war. He declared that his Government could end the civil war in two months if German and Italian

## MOVING APPEALS TO THE WORLD

### Mr Eden on the Two Ways Before the Nations

troops were withdrawn. The war had become a war of invasion, and if General Franco won with the aid of his foreign troops Spain would be in the clutches of these foreign masters.

The French Foreign Minister spoke of the critical situation in Europe, declaring that the nations were on the road that leads to the abyss. If some disarmed while others continued arming the world would be divided into masters and slaves, and the great democratic countries could never allow such a reward to be given to the aggressor.

The greatest speech of all was made last week by Mr Eden, who expressed the feeling of the whole of our people in his impressive words on the dangers before the world, and the way out.

Mr Eden spoke of the ill-will that had grown up between the nations and the effect it had had on the most peace-loving people among us. Our own country, for instance, was building 450,000 tons of warships. This was evidence of the unhappy change which had come about in international relations, a thing which must greatly

increase risks, anxieties, strains, and stresses all over the world. It could benefit no nation, but must impoverish the victor no less than the vanquished.

Our country, said Mr Eden, believes that war is wasteful and futile, and can confer no benefit on any nation. It is by its effect on the standard of life of the people that all political action must be judged, and conflict reduces that standard as surely as co-operation promotes it.

As to Spain, we have passed through a year of tense anxiety with opinions sharply divided, yet the conflict has not spread beyond the borders of Spain. That is something, for if the policy of non-intervention were abandoned Europe would be swept into deeper and more dangerous waters.

Mr Eden then turned to the cause of the troubles of the world. Our own country, he said, has been criticised for adopting a policy of Protection, but our gates have been kept open to an immense range of raw materials, foodstuffs, and manufactured goods, and our acceptance of imports from other nations has risen

since 1929 from 16 per cent of all the world's imports to 18 per cent. Compared with 1933 our imports have increased 43 per cent, and may this year reach nearly a thousand million pounds.

Mr Eden thought this was a great contribution to the prosperity of trade, proving that our economic policy is not narrow. He then went on to speak of the great value of improving trade between Britain and America, the two greatest import markets of the world. An agreement between these countries for reducing their tariffs would be one of the most successful steps that could be taken for the prosperity of the world.

### An Offer to Lower Tariffs

Mr Eden then dealt with raw materials. He reminded the League that the report of a League Committee showed clearly that the supply of raw materials has little to do with the possession of colonies. All colonial territories taken together produce only about 3 per cent of the world's supply of raw materials.

Mr Eden then announced that the British Government is ready to enter into discussion with any country for lowering tariffs in colonial territories where tariffs can be shown to be a hardship, and is willing to do this also in the United Kingdom.

The task before us, said Mr Eden, is to bring about a world free from fear; fear of war, fear of impoverishment, fear of social revolution and decline. The British Government is sincerely anxious to cooperate with all, and all Governments surely desired to promote the wellbeing of their people. How could that aim be reached? On a basis of narrow nationalism or on a basis of cooperation with the rest of the world? By cooperation we can achieve much: in conflict we shall lose all.

## The Captain at the Mast

A REMARKABLE fact was revealed in the broadcast of the story of the Emden last week.

The Emden was the cruiser which played havoc with so much shipping early in the war, and one of the things that was new to us in the story was that the captain of a French gunboat had his legs shot away in a fight with the Emden but insisted on carrying on, so that they

lashed him to the mast. It is the modern version of that old Ballad of Chevy Chase which Sir Philip Sidney loved so much. It used to stir him more than a trumpet, he said; and we do not wonder, for in it come these lines:

*For Witherington my heart is woe  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two  
He fought upon his knee.*



## EXPLORERS ON THE OLD PLATEAU Like a Lost World

### WHAT WILL THEY FIND ON THE LONELY PYRAMID OF ARIZONA?

On the roof of Shiva's Temple, the giant pyramid of rock rising remote and solitary in the Grand Canyon of Colorado, a bonfire blazed.

It was the first work of man's hands that had appeared since the Stone Age on the forest plateau of this peak in the middle of the Colorado gorge.

No aeroplane could land there because of the forest, a mile square. Only primeval hunters with flint arrows had ever set foot on it. How long its history may be the geologists can guess. It must be millions of years since the rain and the rivers began to carve the gorges, one of the wonders of the world, out of what was a vast level plain. But it is safe to say that, as Shiva's Temple stands today, so it stood 50,000 years ago. It was there before there were men in Arizona. It may have looked as it does now before there were men in the world.

#### Shiva's Temple

Dr Harold Anthony, the first man to climb the height, lit the bonfire, and he was followed by the other 14 men who formed the scientific expedition of the American Museum of Natural History.

The attack on Shiva's Temple was carefully planned. A base camp was established on the rim of the canyon, in the middle of which the Temple rises to 7000 feet above sea level. From this the climbing party made their way, first down and then upward, to the limestone precipice rising 1200 feet to the plateau. They took with them rations and considerable equipment for the scaling of the precipice.

#### Signalling By Bonfire

For two days the party was roped together, but the difficult last stage of the ascent was made in 12 hours. Their wireless, after reporting fair progress till halfway up, went dead, and it was the bonfire, man's first wireless, that signalled their arrival. There is no water on the plateau, for the region has a scanty rainfall, and the plateau does not conserve what it receives; consequently, as it is not easy to ration a large party, it was decided that for the preliminary inquiries Dr Anthony and one other only should remain.

What will the expedition find? Trees and shrubs and other vegetation without doubt. Dr Anthony reported soon after his arrival that he had found traces of animal life. They were not very stirring at first sight, two small leaf-eared mice, some discarded antlers of deer, chippings of flint arrows, and the not unexpected mosquito. But the search in the forest has only begun.

#### Animals Out of the Race

There can be no large animals, but there might be small ones, rabbits, chipmunks, and other small vermin and snakes. What have the years done to them? How has Natural Selection reacted on them? Are there on the roof of Shiva's Temple some few types of animals which have fallen out of the race through competition with others in less secluded places?

We know that in Australia and New Zealand, for example, there are primitive kinds of animals, like the platypus or the kiwi, not found elsewhere, and some of the vegetation there looks as if it belonged to the Carboniferous Age. In islands like the Galapagos there are giant tortoises and other reptiles which the rest of the world has lost.

*It may be that on the lost world of the Grand Canyon there are types of life that have remained there while time and chance swept them away from the rest of the continent.*

## A SHARK, TWO BOATS AND THREE PLANES Remarkable Adventure

Unlike the Loch Ness monster, Scotland's fleet of basking sharks leave no doubts behind.

They began their autumn manoeuvres on the Clyde by charging into unoffending sailing boats, though it is said that ordinarily they bask on the surface of the water with such contemplative serenity that it is hard to wake them to action.

This legend was rudely dissipated when shark hunters sought them with harpoons. One party, which had been hunting the shark without success in the motor-boat Myrtle for a fortnight, suddenly caught a tartar. They sighted a basker 30 feet long, and three of the crew went after it with dinghy and harpoon. As soon as the shark felt the barb it woke to fury, or fright, and set off dragging the small boat after it. It went on without pause, first towards Arran, then on and on past the Mull of Kintyre, heading for the open sea. It could not shake off the hated burden attached to it, though it turned again and again between Arran and the Mull.

#### An All-Night Chase

The men in the dinghy would not let go, and the motor-boat, closely following, had to launch another boat with two more men in it to relieve the three fishers in the first. All night the chase went on, the shark fighting for life and liberty. When dawn came a fire broke out in the accompanying motor-boat's cabin; and it seemed that the shark might win, for the crew had all their work cut out to subdue the flames, and the men then in the dinghy had to be left to carry on alone. The motor-boat had to return to shore, where it told the story of the fray to the lighthousemen at the entrance to Campbeltown Loch.

From Port Patrick a wireless was sent out to shipping to keep a watch for the vanished dinghy with shark attached. Two aeroplanes went out from Renfrew, and a third from the Royal Air Force station, to join in the search. But dinghy, shark, and harpoon were not to be found.

Not till late in the day did news of it come. Then the Campbeltown lifeboat brought the dinghy's two men ashore. The shark had dragged them for 100 miles, till it lay exhausted in the shallow water of the beach.

A motor-boat, two dinghies, three aeroplanes, and a lifeboat to cope with one basking shark! We think the honours go to the shark.

## Samuel Smiles

It seems like an age since we shook hands with old Samuel Smiles, the great apostle of thrift and self-help.

His famous book Self-Help has been translated into 22 languages, and his many biographies of merchants and inventors have been very popular.

A memorial to Dr Smiles has now been organised by Mr Kilburn Scott, the well-known lecturer and engineer; it is to take the form of a tablet on Zion School, Whitehall Road, Leeds, with which Samuel Smiles was associated. Sir Walter Smiles, M.P., a grandson, has promised to be present at the unveiling.

Mr Scott writes to us to say that Dr Smiles's first and most famous book started from a lecture he gave in the old cholera hospital in Leeds in 1845.

This is one of the things Samuel Smiles said to the youth of his day:

*Whatever you wish, that you are; for such is the force of will joined to the Divine that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, we become. No one ardently wishes to be patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes.*

## THE VAST MAJORITY OF THE NATIONS They Must Be Free PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO THE DICTATORS

Much feeling has been aroused in the Dictator countries by a strong speech made by President Roosevelt on the danger of dictatorships. This is what he said.

There has been a clear challenge in various parts of the world to the democratic idea of representative government. We do not deny that the methods of the challengers have obtained for many who live under them material things they could not have obtained under democracies which they had failed to make function.

Unemployment has been lessened, even though the cause is the mad manufacturing of armaments. Order prevails, even though it is maintained by fear at the expense of liberty and individual rights.

So their leaders laugh at all constitutions, predict the copying of their own methods, and prophesy an early end of democracy throughout the world.

Both that attitude and that prediction are denied by those of us who still believe in democracy—that is, by the overwhelming majority of the nations of the world and by the overwhelming majority of the people of the world. And the denial is based on two reasons eternally right.

#### A Threat to Civilisation

The first reason is that modern men and women will not tamely commit to one man or one group the permanent conduct of their government. Eventually they will insist not only on the right to choose who shall govern them, but also upon a periodic reconsideration of that choice by the free exercise of the ballot. The second reason is that the state of world affairs brought about by those new forms of government threatens civilisation. Armaments and deficits pile up together. Trade barriers multiply and merchant ships are threatened on the high seas. Fear spreads throughout the world—fear of aggression, fear of invasion and revolution, and fear of death.

The people of the United States are rightly determined to keep that growing menace from our shores.

## RAIN OF FIRE

### A Kite in a Thundercloud

On Lake Constance the motor-boat employed by Friedrichshafen Observatory for weather observations unexpectedly brought down from the clouds a shower of fire the other day.

A kite had been sent up carrying measuring instruments and was lost to sight in a rain cloud. It was never seen again. The cloud was a thundercloud, which signalled its character by a lightning flash, and immediately afterwards the place where the kite had been became a blaze of fire. It poured down the 6000 feet of the kite's steel wire, and wire and instruments were fused. The instruments fell into the lake and were no more seen. The wire made its final appearance like a rain of shooting stars. It was completely melted, and a shower of fiery fragments fell on and about the boat.

Benjamin Franklin, who was the first to draw electricity from a thundercloud 185 years ago, would have been delighted by the demonstration, but down the moistened string of the silk kite he sent up flowed only a trickle of electricity, though he was able to measure it.

## End of Summer Time

Summer Time ends early in the morning of Sunday, October 3, so all clocks and watches should be put back one hour on Saturday night. See page 16

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Great Tom of St Paul's will ring for three hours on November 6 to proclaim the 300th birthday of the Ancient Society of College Youths, the bell-ringing brotherhood.

South Africa has already this year sent £2,171,000 worth of diamonds, £500,000 more than last year, to the markets of the world.

About a quarter of a million people visited the Television Exhibition at the Science Museum, which ended last month.

On one day in September the Southern Railway Docks at Southampton dealt with more than half a million tons of shipping.

Sheffield's tool factories are so busy that it has been necessary for them to decline an order from China for a million tools.

We gratefully acknowledge the sums of £2 from Kirkcaldy, Scotland, and 2s from Ashford, Kent, for the Old War Horse Fund.

## The War Against the Litter Lout

The war against the Litter Lout goes gaily on; the example of the Sussex police is being widely followed, and dozens of people were fined in one day in Hampshire last week.

One of the cases was that of a nurse at Headley Down who, having finished with a letter, tore it into 102 pieces and threw them on to Ludshott Common. It happened that the local secretary of the National Trust saw them, and, gathering the fragments, pieced them together and found that the envelope was addressed to the nurse, against whom he took out a summons.

## A Nation's Farewell

The scenes in Prague last week at the funeral of Dr Masaryk will never be forgotten by the people of Czechoslovakia.

Rarely has any country seen more widespread signs of grief. Over a million people arrived in Prague by trains, buses, charabancs, and motor lorries, and in four days nearly 900,000 people passed by the coffin of the old President, leaving 4000 wreaths.

Dr Masaryk was the founder and shaper of his nation. One of the greatest men who came to power with the Great War, he loved Peace over all. So the people love his memory, and he lives in history as one of Europe's greatest men.

## THINGS SEEN

A cat seizing a stoat pouncing on a starling, the starling escaping.

Paper from a dust-cart blowing about the streets of Deal.

Three London boys gazing in wonder at a squirrel leaping in the trees of Epping Forest.

A mushroom at Tunstall in Yorkshire 34 inches across, weighing nearly two pounds.

## THINGS SAID

We are alarmed at the increase in the number of R A F tragedies.

A jury foreman at Conway

Unless we are prepared to defend our ideals there may presently be no case to which the British peoples would spontaneously rally. Mr Wickham Steed

There can never be a really happy home if there is trouble in the kitchen.

Mr R. W. Foot

We must make our contribution to the conditions on which peace everywhere can be maintained. Mr Cordell Hull

The flowers look happier now.

A lady in Cornwall after the first rain for 12 weeks



October 2, 1937

*The Children's Newspaper*

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# Wind-Filled Sails Command the Argosy to Ride the Waves



THE SPLENDID OLD SAILING SHIP JOSEPH CONRAD FINDS A HELPFUL WIND



## WHAT IS IN STORE FOR GERMANY?

### American Traveller's Impression

#### IS OPINION CHANGING?

*We take the following from a letter written by an American citizen who has known Germany well for ten years and has lately been there again.*

*He has written of his impressions to an English friend, who sends this part of the letter to the Manchester Guardian.*

*We give it as a significant witness of a change that appears to be taking place in opinion in Germany.*

I do not know whether I mentioned before that we found a changing spirit in Berlin.

People seem to be expressing their disgust with the regime much more freely than they did three years ago. This art squabble in Munich has made a tremendous stir, much more naturally in Germany than it would have done in another country. Our best German friend writes that so far over 400,000 people have visited the exhibit of "degenerate art" which Hitler has got together, while only a handful go to see his officially blessed exhibit of true German art.

#### Plucky Dr Niemoeller

The family of this same friend heard the preacher Niemoeller the last time he spoke in Dahlem before his arrest, and they say that German Protestantism has taken on new life in opposing Hitler. People who never went into a church are now there and ready to support these tough Protestant ministers who continue saying what they think. I really feel that if things continue peacefully Hitler's days are numbered. Whether he will start something violent to keep himself in power we shall have to see.

The opinion there seems to be that the army is now the biggest factor for peace, for the generals know they have no resources for a war and will do their best to keep Hitler from getting them into trouble, for the time being at least. Blomberg is now called "the rubber lion" for his giving-in to Hitler on the Spanish situation. Von Fritsch, however, recently put Hitler in his place. At one of their big meetings a speech was being made by the man who specialises in their new Germanic religion, and Von Fritsch got up in the middle of the speech and left. Hitler, it seems, was furious and asked for his resignation. He retorted that he could have his resignation if he wished, but that eighteen generals of the General Staff would resign with him, so Hitler had to back down. The brother of — is now doing his military service, and he says that the young fellows in the army make fun of Hitler all the time. Certainly there is not the youthful enthusiasm in certain quarters that there used to be.

#### Contact From Outside

It is a curious phenomenon, contact with Germany nowadays. When we are at home the acts of the German Government so disgust and enrage me that I cannot think rationally about the country. But in spite of that I feel so sympathetic to many things German and so closely related in thoughts and point of view to my friends there that it is impossible for me simply to wash my hands of the whole business. In fact, the difficulties which all my friends there are having, material and spiritual, seem to make me all the more a part of the German scene. And knowing that some of my friends even dared to stay at home during the last election rather than vote certainly makes it seem worth the effort to go and see them, especially since contact with someone from outside obviously gives encouragement to them.

## THE BADEN-POWELLS OF INDIA

### Unknown Trackers of Cattle Thieves

Boys all over the world (and Guides too) must have greatly enjoyed the stories broadcast by Lord Baden-Powell in telling how the Scouts and Guides owe their organisations to scouting which, first practised in fun as a boy, he put originally to serious purpose in India.

India has still its native Baden-Powells, if the Chief Scout will let us call them so; but they are anonymous, their identity unguessed, or they would not long survive.

Cattle-stealing is still as rife in remoter India as it was once in Border England. A native peasant's fortune may disappear in a day, for with the cattle browsing in the long grass of the jungle the herdsmen see little of them for hours at a time. The thieves may drive them off from their wild, tangled pasture; or they may steal on a village by night and drive the animals away while their owners sleep.

In order to identify cattle so stolen the natives have elaborate systems of secret brandings and markings on their animals, which have but to be seen to be recognised and claimed, no matter how far they have been driven. The task is to find them.

To assist in the work there exist a number of men who do nothing else but track stolen animals, their fee being an unvarying ten rupees a head of cattle

reclaimed. How they trace the stolen animals is a mystery known only to themselves; but trace them they do, through jungle and villages, over hills and across rivers, it may be a hundred miles and more. There can be few better trackers in the world than these unofficial, unknown scouts of the Indian wilds.

But it is part of their code that, having traced the animals and secretly brought the owners to the spot, they take no further part, and their names are never divulged. The thief knows that he is trapped, but native etiquette forbids his ever being informed of the identity of the sleuth who has followed him up.

The consequence is that when the wronged native appeals to a British magistrate for aid in regaining his cattle he is unable to call as a witness the man who has tracked the criminal. There is not a doubt as to his being the rightful owner of the animals he claims, but as he cannot tell the truth he has to invent a story, such as that he saw the theft committed by the person whom he accuses, but dared not at the time, for fear of injury by the robber's firearms, approach to defend his property.

B-P knows about this, we may be sure. He would not condone the falsehoods of the poor robbed peasants, but he would hail these marvellous unnamed trackers as equals and brothers in the silent craft.

## WORK OF THE STONE AGE CARPENTERS

### Wooden Temple Raised With Flints

ONE more wooden temple has been found, this time in Scotland.

While the great prehistoric hill city of Maiden Castle in Dorset is being laid bare, Stonehenge freed from its unsightly buildings, and Avebury safeguarded for future ages, Scotland has awakened to a sense of something of her antique wonders, and has burst on the world with a magnificent story of exploration and discovery.

Under the turf of the Duntocher Boulevard, Glasgow, there has lain for thousands of years a wonder of the first magnitude. We had our Woodhenge, forerunner of Stonehenge; Scotland has here a magnificent wooden temple, the finest building of timber raised by prehistoric men yet revealed in our land.

The turf so far removed reveals the remains of a temple 86 feet in radius. The holes in which stood the great timber pillars show that the builders followed a marvellously complicated plan. Their temple was arranged in

such a manner as to outline circles, ovals, and a large number of serpentine designs.

This last feature seems startlingly to confirm the story that the Stone Age masters who built Avebury employed a snake pattern in planning the great stone avenue by which the vast pillared temple of stone was approached. The finds in Scotland show that the temple was the work of Stone Age men, followed centuries later by men of the Bronze Age, and the cemetery, with over 50 graves, has evidence of cremation and ordinary burials, with vessels relating to both those ages.

Here, then, is a buried site with a new volume opening for history. It is not the first wood temple found, for they are known in Wiltshire and in Lancashire, but each one tells us something new. This building rose under the hands of geniuses who felled their trees, hewed and shaped their timbers, and built their temple with axes, choppers, and adzes all of flint.

## THE KEEN BOYS OF POPLAR

### Good Training In and Round London

THERE are reports that more of our boys who work at various trades are attending night schools.

We could wish, however, that day continuation schools were compulsory everywhere. Night school after a hard day's work is exhausting, but better night study than none.

Mr Paley Yorke, Principal of the Poplar School of Engineering and Navigation, says the boys of East London are keen to learn, and that he admires their grit in attending three evening classes a week. He does not say how many such boys there are, but we fear they form a small part of the juveniles of Poplar.

On the very threshold of life, boys and girls need continued education to fit them to be capable men and women. Society is responsible for such lives and should help them freely. We regret to note that Mr Yorke adds:

One thing that puzzles me is the large number of students who ask us not to let it be known to their employers that they are attending classes. We are confident that there is a tremendous amount of interference on the part of works foremen in the kind of studies a youth is taking up.

It is as much in the interests of employers as of society at large that every youthful mind should be trained, every youthful pair of hands made deft.

At Dagenham, the wonder-town in Essex which has grown like a mushroom since the war, provision is made for both evening and day students at a great school that cost over £200,000. Some 5000 night scholars as well as 1000 day students are under tuition. Middlesex also reports great educational activity in many districts, and aims at feeding her splendid new industries with a well-trained personnel.

## THE WORLD AND ITS FOOD

### What the People Need

#### NO COUNTRY WHICH CANNOT IMPROVE

The world's peoples need more wheat and more meat.

So says the League of Nations Nutrition Committee, which has done a great service by helping the world better to understand its food.

Of the various kinds of corn, wheat is superior to maize and rice. It is the aristocrat of the Grass Family. The races of the Far East would be healthier if they ate wheat instead of maize and rice, and this would have a good effect on world agriculture.

A greater consumption of meat would improve the nutrition of the Western peoples. The report does not say so, but it is probable that the splendid physique of Australian men, who so often top six feet, is to some extent due to the fact that Australians are the greatest meat eaters in the world.

Sea foods are remarkable for their iodine, and there is scope for a great increase in fish consumption. Methods of fishing, canning, freezing, and drying have been improved, but much remains to be done in fish marketing.

The expansion in the production and consumption of milk, Nature's perfect and complete food, has resulted in the value of the world's milk exceeding the value of any other farm produce.

One of the best and most practical steps that could be taken by Governments to improve the health of the young would be to arrange the free or cheap distribution of milk to children and nursing mothers.

The report says there is no country in which conditions could not be improved with more Government help. Also there is no country in which further measures to awaken public opinion on the subject are not urgently needed.

## The Liberty of the American People

By President Roosevelt

In a speech celebrating the signing of the American Constitution President Roosevelt made this notable declaration the other day:

The present Government of the United States has never taken away and never will take away any liberty of any minority unless it be a minority which so abuses its liberty as to do positive and definite harm to its neighbours constituting a majority. No one cherishes more deeply than I the civil and religious liberties achieved by so much blood and anguish through the many centuries of Anglo-American history.

## What Canada Has Done

By Canada's Prime Minister

Speaking for Canada, I am happy to be able to say that we have found it possible to cooperate with other countries in seeking to restore the normal flow and volume of international commerce.

Canada can now claim that she employs no quotas, no exchange restrictions, no embargoes except those connected with the traffic in arms and the prevention of the spread of disease.

## In Constantinople

Loudspeakers are to be installed in all the main streets of Constantinople to remind pedestrians of the city's traffic regulations. The loudspeaker will give out such instructions as

*Don't throw litter.*

*Cross the streets at the crossings.*

*Don't stop a passer-by to ask for a light.*

Anyone disobeying the instructions is liable to be fined then and there.



## HONOUR TO DANIEL BOONE

One of America's grand pioneers was Daniel Boone.

In the eighteenth century he left the area of European settlement on the eastern seaboard and went into the wild parts of Kentucky, then almost unknown to white men, eventually founding the town of Boonesborough.

Now the house in the little town of Exeter in Pennsylvania, where Daniel Boone was born in 1735, has been bought by the State authorities and is to become a museum in memory of the old pioneer. Standing in the middle of a 250-acre farm which belonged to Daniel's father, the old red stone house is to be restored, and a roadway is to be built to it so that visitors may easily reach the museum from the main highway.

## UNDERGROUND STATIONS

It has been decided to spend £10,000 in improving the ventilation of London's Underground stations. Experiments are being made to determine the best way of lowering temperatures during the summer months and of removing draughts in subways and on platforms. Both these sources of unpleasantness exist widely on the Underground, and it is hoped that the experiments will lead to the possibility of improvements on a great scale.

## 59,000 DOCTORS

If the nation's health does not improve it will not be for the want of doctors.

Last year the number of doctors on the medical register reached the record number of over 59,000, an increase of 1900 in one year. In this country there is now more than one doctor to every thousand people.

## THE PEACE BUGLE

The picture which we reproduce here is of a German girl with a bugle. It will interest readers of the C N to know how she got it.

It was made in her own country and was used in the Great War. But it was taken in the Battle of Messines, and ever since has been in the hands of an English general. Of course it was kept as a trophy, a sign of victory over another



nation. Since then the general has become more interested in peace, and one of his ways of expressing this was to give back the trophy to a member of the German nation whom he met at an Oxford Group house party this summer.

What a change must have taken place before an English general could give such a gift and a German girl could accept it! But such wonders are happening in these days. It was thrilling to hear this tall girl with dark eyes tell her own story at Oxford, standing erect with the bugle hung over her shoulders. She called it the Peace Bugle. We can think with thankfulness of the message she will take back with her.

## THE LIVINGSTONE TREE

When Livingstone met Stanley in 1871 the explorers planted a mango tree at the place where they met, near Lake Tanganyika. In 66 years the tree has grown so large that it has split the concrete memorial which was built round it.

## Pots For Sale in Nigeria



## POOR DANCING BEARS

Dancing bears will soon be no more seen in Rumania. This favourite amusement of the people of villages in the Balkans has been forbidden by a decree of the Rumanian Government.

It was public opinion that righted this wrong, complaints reaching the ears of high personages in the Government that the owners of dancing bears, most of whom are gipsies, treated the animals with much cruelty while they were training them. We hope other countries will follow Rumania's lead, and that soon all performances of dancing bears will be as rare as cock-fighting.

## THE BOX IN THE CELLAR

From Germany comes news of a man who hid £50 in notes in a cigar box, thinking they would be sure to be safe in his cellar. Unfortunately mice found his treasure, and when he opened the box a little while ago all his money had been nibbled away.

## A NEXT-YEAR EXHIBITION

An unusual exhibition is to be held in London next January.

Known as the Domestic Service Exhibition, it will be staged in the Horticultural Hall. The organisers hope to put domestic service on a higher level and make it more attractive to women and girls. There will be competitions in table-laying, boot-cleaning, cooking, and the use of a vacuum and telephone. It is believed that domestic service might be regarded much more favourably if a few improvements could be introduced, and if girls in service could be assured of definite free hours.

## GAMES OF CHANCE

The French Government has ordered that all automatic machines used for playing games of chance shall be confiscated. Café keepers are indignant at the decree, for they made large profits on the machines.

## Durham Gives Itself a Great Lake

A village in Durham has become a lake, a reservoir having been made where Burnhope stood on the moors.

The old cottages and farmhouses have been demolished, though the quaint packhorse bridge remains intact under more than 100 feet of water. The moorland road which once led to the bridge has vanished, and in its place is a splendid new motor road 1800 feet long. The road crosses an embankment only recently completed, and all who travel this way have a magnificent panorama.

The reservoir, over 1000 feet above sea-level, has been made in the face of

great hardship, the winters being exceedingly severe; but the authorities did everything to make life pleasant for the 900 workmen, building a village for them and providing them with a school and a cinema.

Now the reservoir is a beautiful lake, a mirror for wild and splendid country. Its motorway runs along an embankment 800 feet wide at the base and 130 at the top. Two million tons of material were needed to make the embankment, a barrier keeping in check an area of a hundred acres of water gathered from ten thousand acres of moorland.

## THE GULL AND THE BALL

Nobody likes being gulled, and the lighthouse-keepers on the Flannan Isles in the Hebrides are wondering how to outwit the gulls, which are preventing them from having some well-earned recreation.

The men have made a small five-hole golf course, but as soon as one of them drives off a gull swoops down, snaps up the ball, and flies away with it. This has happened so many times that the keepers are sending to the mainland for a supply of second-hand balls.

## CONGRATULATIONS

Early in September there was a jump of 27,000 in the number of greetings telegrams despatched in a week. The normal figure is 60,000, but for a week in September it went up to 87,000.

At first Post Office officials were at a loss to account for this sudden rise, but investigation showed that by far the greater number of additional telegrams were sent to the boys and girls who had won successes in the Oxford and Cambridge school certificate examinations. Uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, and cousins and friends, all were sending congratulations by telegram to the lucky ten thousand.

## PRETTY POLL

Pretty Poll is gradually disappearing from the British home. Since the psittacosis scare in 1930, when birds of the parrot species were forbidden entry into this country, the import trade has become practically dead. Only parrots needed for medical research or rare species for zoos are allowed into the country. There is no prospect of the ban being lifted for some time by the Ministry of Health.

Pretty Poll lives often to a great age. A parrot at the London Zoo is over eighty.

Denmark, Holland, and Germany have also banned the import of Pretty Poll.

## THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE TITS

We rejoice to know that our Prime Minister, like many other well-known men, is a lover of birds.

It seems that when Mr Chamberlain moved to Downing Street last year he fixed a nest-box to one of the lime trees in the famous garden, and in March this year a pair of blue-tits took up residence in the box and laid three eggs. Alas, it was found later that the nest was deserted and the three eggs reduced to two. Evidently the birds gave up their attempt, for blue-tits lay 10 to 12 eggs, and often rear a youngster from each egg. They are never content with a mere three!

We hope the Prime Minister will have better luck next time.

## GERMANY'S ROADS

A group of public men representing many public bodies in this country is now visiting Germany, to travel over a thousand miles of German roads.

They are to study design, layout, surfaces, width, and method of construction. One of the roads they will see is that from Leipzig to Nuremberg, with which no road in England can compare. It is 150 miles long, with dual carriageways, each 24 feet wide, no cross-roads, uniform surfaces and sign-posting, and very gentle curving where curves are necessary.

The Germans have already opened nearly a thousand miles of roads of this character, and are laying down new ones at the rate of 650 miles a year.

## TRADE IS EXCELLENT

Through rising prices we are having to pay much more for our purchases abroad.

Meat, dairy produce, fruit, raw materials, manufactures—all are costing more. The result in August was a big increase in the value of the cargoes brought in, which were worth nearly £21,000,000 more than in August, 1936.

Not all this rise was due to higher prices, however, for part was caused by big purchases of materials for armaments and for improving ordinary trade.

British exports also showed an increase for August, from £35,200,000 last year to £42,500,000. There is no doubt that trade as a whole is excellent in nearly every department.



A Balloon Man of Egypt

## THE SCHOOL SUBWAY

Ilford is proud of her new £40,000 elementary school, just completed.

It has all the latest improvements, including wireless in every class-room and a cinema hall.

Remembering Safety First, the designers have provided a subway under the arterial road bounding the school, so that the children need not use that dangerous thoroughfare. This subway has no steps but easy ramps, so that perambulators can negotiate it. It is an admirable idea.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 2 1937



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Thank God and Take Courage

THERE is better and better news from India. Mr C. F. Andrews, who is probably in more complete sympathetic understanding with the Indian mind than any other Englishman, has written of his great satisfaction at what is taking place.

Whether we like it or not, we, as rulers of India, have made a bold venture in the name of freedom and justice, and it has been done largely in the face of terrorism on the one hand and obstinate obstruction on the other.

Mr Andrews has just seen Mahatma Gandhi and has heard at first hand of all that is happening from the Indian point of view.

The old official attitude, based on a false idea of prestige, has been broken down by the Viceroy, who asked the Mahatma to meet him at New Delhi. Congress Ministers in the provinces, on taking office, went to see the Mahatma, and are acting as far as possible on his advice. Their programme is not sensational, but is based on the remedy of abuses of long standing.

They have made a first step toward abolishing the revenue from alcohol and opium. They are determined to abolish the convict settlement in the Andamans. Our own Government officials proposed this twenty years ago. They are also restoring the villager's grazing rights, which had been gradually taken away, and setting up inquiries into soil erosion, forestry, irrigation, floods, water-storage, and so on.

We may say that most of this is not new, but what is new is that Indian Ministers should be willing to take office and set to work to carry it all out.

Perhaps better than all, as indicating a fine attitude of mind, the new Ministers are allowing themselves much smaller salaries.

When we look at all these things and ask what might have happened if Mr Gandhi had not been there to bring to unanimity this desire for goodwill and peace, we may well thank God and take courage.

## The Golden Keys

The door of death is made of gold  
That mortal eyes cannot behold:  
But when the mortal eyes are closed,  
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,  
The soul awakes, and wondering sees  
In her mild hand the golden keys.

William Blake

## The People With No Windows

SO much has been said of the comparative failure of President Roosevelt's legislation in the 1937 Congress that we record the passage of the Housing Act, which is designed to clear away the worst of America's slums which have increased as her vast industries have grown.

The Act authorises the Federal Government to lend local authorities £100,000,000 to destroy slums and provide healthy modern dwellings for the poor.

Perhaps we do not realise how bad American housing conditions are. In New York City there are *some two million people living in rooms which have no windows!*

## The Brave Pastor

IT is impossible to withhold sympathy from those German pastors who continue to say what they think in their pulpits. Last week the pastor who is taking Dr Niemöller's pulpit while the doctor is in prison announced that the total number of arrests is now 142.

What shall we say to all this, the pastor asked; and then he answered his own question, saying, "Nothing, my dear parishioners; let us pray."

## Where the British Empire Stands

We take this fine passage from The Times; it is the British Empire's answer to Communism.

THE British Empire is not persuaded by experience that the answer to internal Communism is military.

It is itself one of the world's bulwarks against social disruption. During twenty years the subsidised efforts of Communism have made no impression upon it because it has been able to oppose to them the appeal of its mature democratic tradition, the political intelligence of its peoples, and the practical fruits of both these qualities in union.

It does not seek to prescribe for other countries the means by which they shall maintain their institutions against subversion from within, nor will it suffer prescription from without. At the same time it diagnoses Communism as a disease resulting from war, poverty, and privation, and it holds that the only international preventive against it is cooperation on the widest front for ever-rising levels of social well-being and contentment.

## The Return Home

AND so this great industrial nation must plough its way onward with circuses like the Berlin anniversary and the Nuremberg rally to cheer the people before they return home to their black bread and margarine.

Manchester Guardian

## Play the Man

FEAR not what the world may say;  
Hold the straight and narrow way

In the open light of day,  
And play the man.

They will call thee poor and weak,  
Being merciful and meek:  
Heed not thou the words they speak,  
But play the man.

Trust in God, and let them mock,  
Vain as waves that surge and shock,  
Broken on resisting rock:  
Play thou the man.

Walter Chalmers Smith

## Tip-Cat

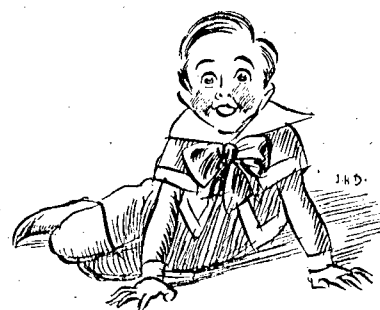
A LADY says she always feels different when she goes in the sea. Can't think what has come over her.

HARVEST time is costly for farmers. They can't cut down expenses.

AFTER summer holidays is the time to make resolutions. To have more holidays.

IN an open-air school children are taught how to cultivate tomatoes. It is a growing practice.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If it was Noah who first put  
two and two together

Who would like to be a taster at the National Honey Show? Someone prepared to stick to the job.

A HOLIDAY-MAKER says he likes to go to sleep on the pier. He drops off.

TASTES in bacon are changing. Consumers are getting rasher and rasher.

A NEW statue is being kept a secret until it is unveiled. The sculptor will not give it away.

## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

WORLD trade last year amounted to the immense sum of over 5000 million pounds.

NOTTINGHAM miners are to have a week's holiday with pay.

THE Zoo is paying for police to prevent litter on Whipsnade Common.

THE Sunday closing of shops has been agreed on in South London.

## JUST AN IDEA

How often do we remember that all our lives we are being watched? What we do at home, in the street, in business, when adversity comes; how we behave, and the way we live day by day, is all observed by someone.

## Freedom Over All

MARIUS, almost without drawing breath, went on in a burst of enthusiasm:

Let us be just, my friends! To be the Empire of such an Emperor, what a destiny for a nation, when that nation was France, and her genius was added to his! To rise and rule, to march in triumph, with the capitals of the world for halting-places and kings for grenadiers, to dethrone dynasties, to change the map of Europe by a charge, to feel that your hand was on the sword-hilt of God, to follow a leader who was Hannibal, Caesar, Charlemagne, in one, a man who could dazzle you every morning with fresh victories, wake you by the guns of the Invalides, fling great names into gulfs of light, names that will shine for ever, Marengo, Arcola, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram! To set constellations of glory blazing in the skies of history, to make the French Empire the peer of the Roman, to be the greatest nation and give birth to the greatest army, to send out the legions over the earth as a mountain sends forth its eagles, to triumph, to dominate, to threaten, to be the one nation in Europe crowned and haloed with glory, to sound a flourish across the centuries, to conquer the world twice over, by conquest and by charm—it was stupendous, sublime! What could be greater?

To be free, said Comberferre.

Victor Hugo in Les Misérables

## The Voice of Peace

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother on its forehead

Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say Peace!

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;  
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

Longfellow

## The Only Way

I must have someone by me who sinks his own will utterly in mine, who believes in me unflinchingly, who will cling to me in good hap and ill, who lives only to shed light and warmth over my life and must die if I fail.

Buy yourself a dog, my lord!

Henrik Ibsen



# THE STAMP THAT CAME BETWEEN TWO OCEANS

## Queer Story of the Long, Long Fight For a Canal Across Nicaragua



One of the queerest items in the news is that a stamp issued by Nicaragua for the letters it sends to the countries north and south of it in Central America has become the cause of intense excitement.

There has not been so much trouble caused by a stamp, we are told, since the history of this land and its neighbours was entirely changed 40 years ago by an error on a stamp, an enlarged reproduction of which is given here.

WHEN the people of Honduras received this new Nicaraguan stamp on the letters arriving by air from the neighbour on their southern border they were surprised to find the draftsman had shown a map of Nicaragua with territory they held to belong to Honduras.

Official letters have passed between the two republics, and their respective broadcasting stations have been urging the people to uphold their territorial rights even to the point of war. Strange it is that so small a scrap of paper should upset the tempers of two nations.

On the stamp issued 40 years ago it was a picture which caused consternation then in Nicaragua and in the United States. The picture showed an active volcano which existed only in the imagination of the artist, who perhaps thought its cloud of fire and smoke would give a touch of romance to his native land. Yet it was the romantic touch which of all things was not wanted at the time, when the American people were resolved to link the two oceans, and the great ports on their coasts, by cutting a canal through the narrow isthmus joining the vast land masses.

It is just a hundred years since America took the first step towards linking the

Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean by sending her engineers to the isthmus to report as to where such a canal could most easily be cut. These experts surveyed four possible routes—the Tehuantepec Isthmus in Mexico, the Darien territory of Panama, the route of the present Panama Canal, and a route through Lake Nicaragua in the extreme south of the State of that name. This Nicaragua route was Number One on their list, but they were not the first to express this preference, for as soon as it was found that the Americas formed a continuous barrier to the wealth and wonder of the Indies the piercing of the obstacle by a canal had been proposed. As early as 1550 Antonio Galvan, the Apostle of the Moluccas, wrote a book advocating a canal, but he was a pauper in disgrace at the Portuguese Court at the time, and his book was not published till after his death.

Spain had then realised the value to herself of the New World, and would not only not consider any scheme for promoting an easier voyage to Cathay, but decreed the death penalty for any who should take any steps in the matter. This settled the question for two centuries, when the Spanish Government

revoked its old policy and ordered surveys of Nicaragua to be made. Nothing came from these, for Spain had to concentrate her energies on warfare in Europe, which so weakened her that her possessions in the New World broke away and became independent States.

Their history may be briefly summed up as civil wars, revolutions, and canal negotiations.

In 1825 a group of our own countrymen applied for permission to cut a canal, and a rival American syndicate did the same, with the result that the Nicaraguans took steps to do the work themselves, and applied to the Government of the United States to help them. That scheme fell through, as did another promoted by the Dutch five years later; yet North America knew a canal would have to come, as is proved by a clause in the famous Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 guaranteeing its free use by British ships.

America, indeed, was at this time excited by the discovery of the valuable goldfields of California, recently won from Mexico, and realised that the easiest way to them from her Atlantic ports was by way of the isthmus. The geography of that part of the world was almost a closed book, so again the United States sent engineers and naval experts to make maps and charts. Even so late as 1866 an American admiral reported to Congress that there did not exist in the libraries of the world the means of determining the best route for a ship canal.

Ten years later a Commission reported that only two routes were possible without tunnels, those by Panama and Nicaragua, and that the route through Nicaragua was the better. The reason for the preference was that, though the route was longer, a third of its 172 miles would run through Lake Nicaragua, which is 200 feet deep, is not very much above sea-level, and has direct access with the Atlantic by the River San Juan, while to the west the valley of the Rio Grande leads easily into the Pacific. On the other hand, the Culebra Hill would have to be cut through if the Panama route were chosen.

Meanwhile the Suez Canal had been opened, and its creator, De Lesseps, drew the attention of the world to the American possibilities. The cutting of a canal by the French through the Isthmus of Panama was begun, and, disliking the prospect of that canal under European control, the United States passed an Act which assigned to a private company the concessions it had received from the Nicaraguan Government, with the result that in 1889 the rival canal was begun at Greytown near the silted-up mouths of the San Juan River. At that Atlantic port a pier was built and a railway laid for 11 miles inland. Forests on the proposed route were cleared for 20 miles and excavation begun.

Work went on for four years, and when 1000 yards of a canal 17 feet deep

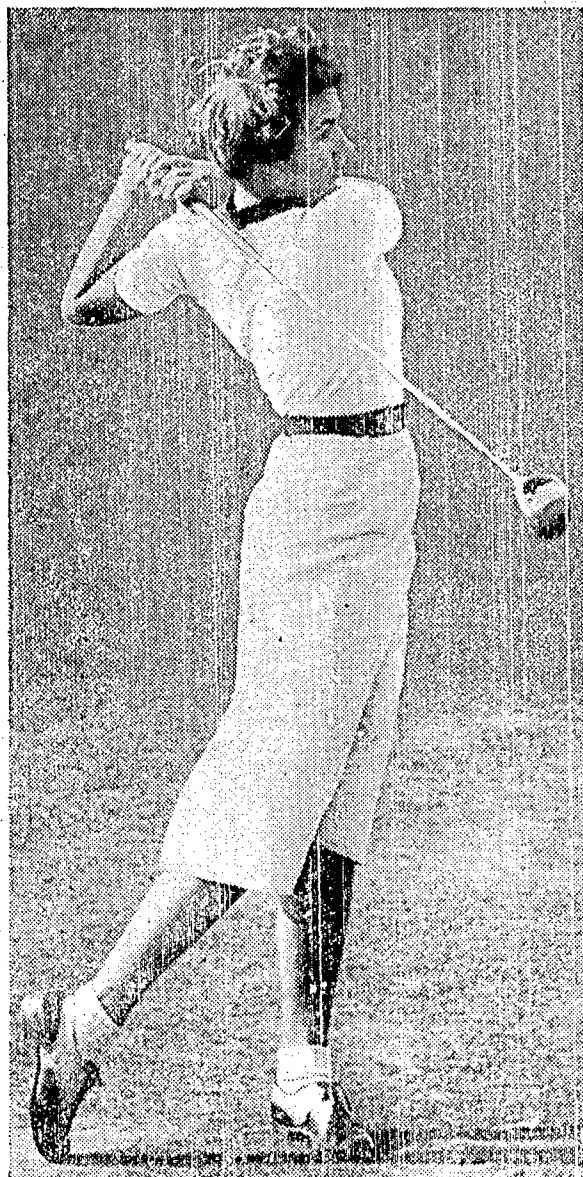
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THE ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL AND (INSET) ITS POSITION RELATIVE TO THE PANAMA CANAL ON THE ISTHMUS WHICH JOINS NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA



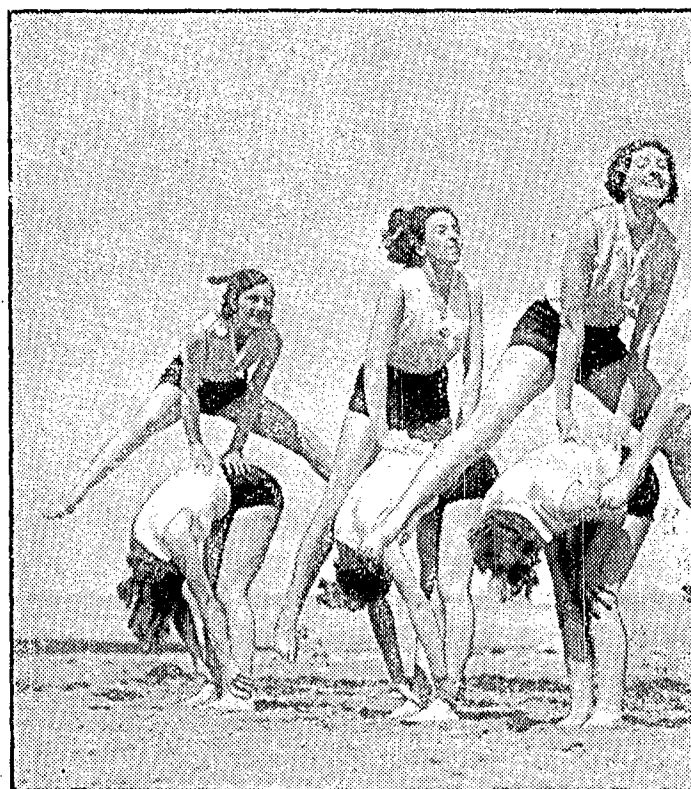
# The Road to Health Lies Out of



Golf, a game for all ages



Over the hurdles



A demonstration on the beach by members



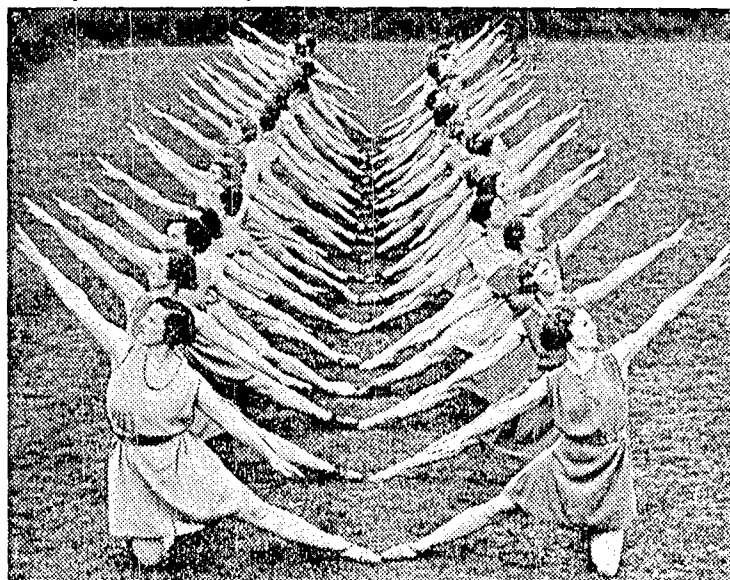
A cross-country race for schoolboys



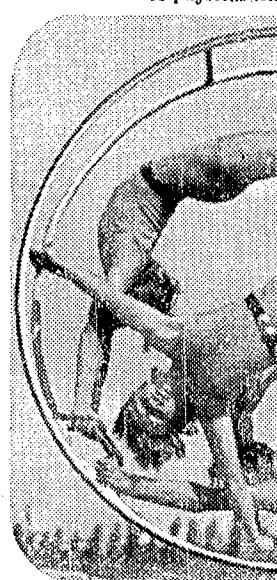
A physical training



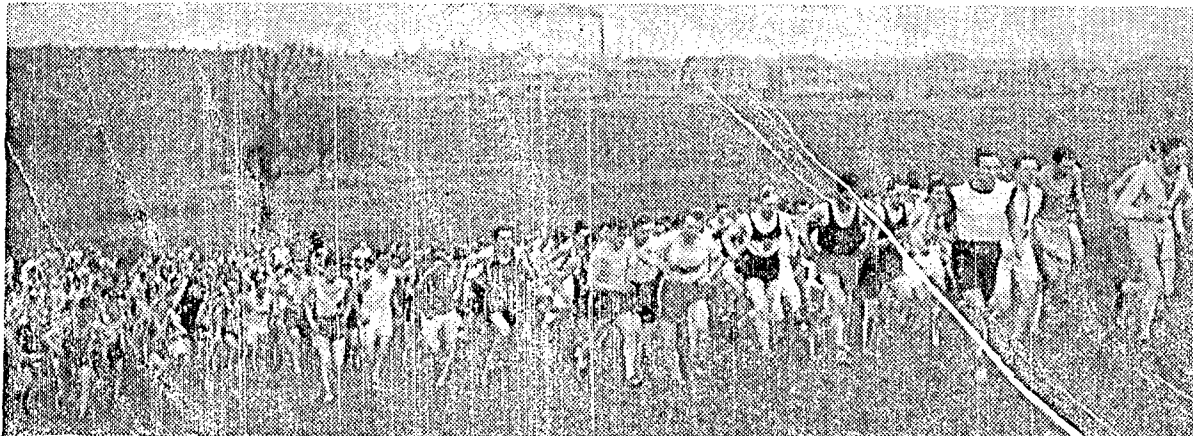
Lacrosse—Instruction in the popular Canadian game



A class for physical training instructors



The gyro-wheel, an



Into the Open Country—A pack of runners leaving the city behind them



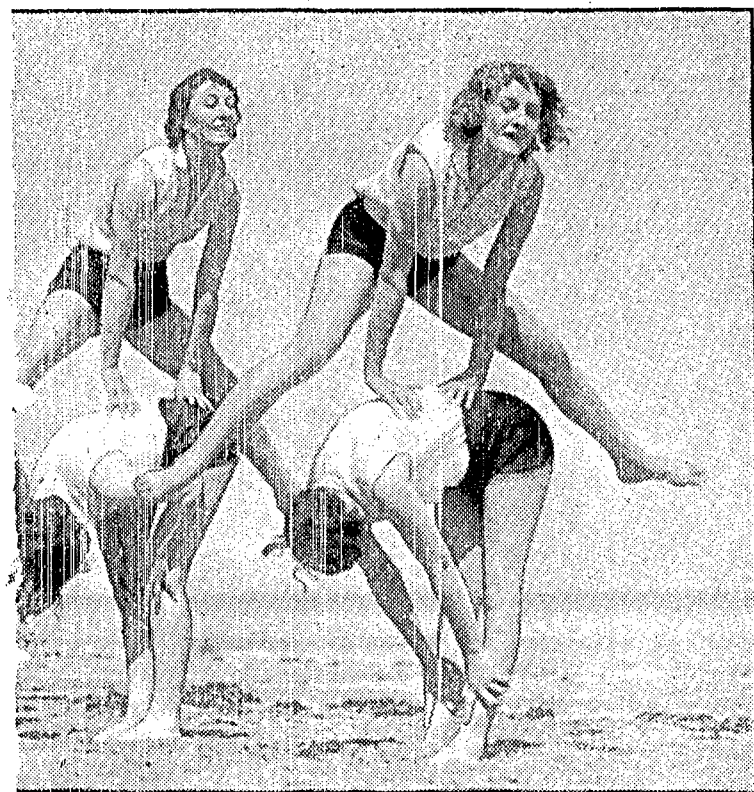
The Most Popular Winter Games—A line-out in

The Government's Keep Fit campaign is to be opened by the Prime Minister this Thursday evening when Mr Neville

Chamberlain's appeal will be heard on the National wavelength, and also throughout the Empire. We have always been known as



# Open Doors—Let Us Now Play Games



Members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty



Near the winning-post



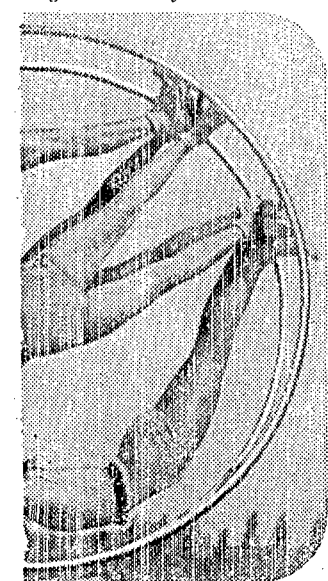
The Pole Jump—A lesson from an expert



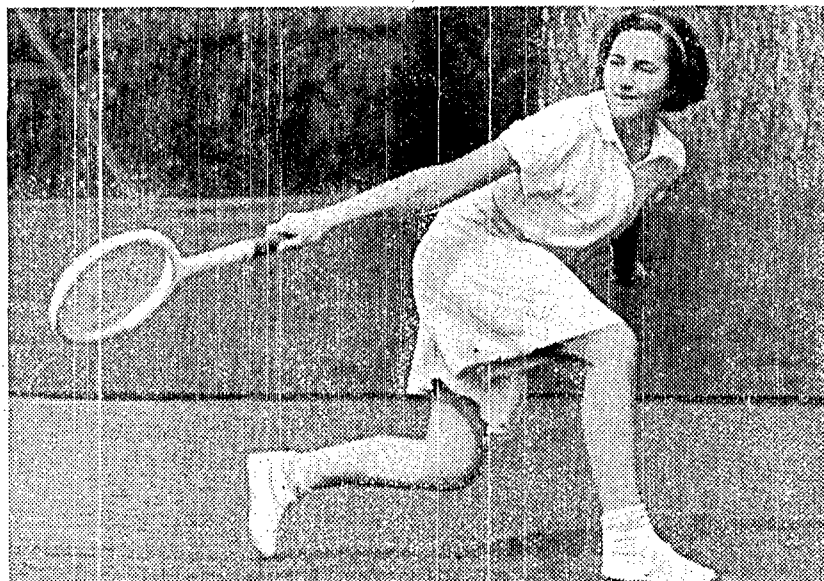
Physical training class for boys



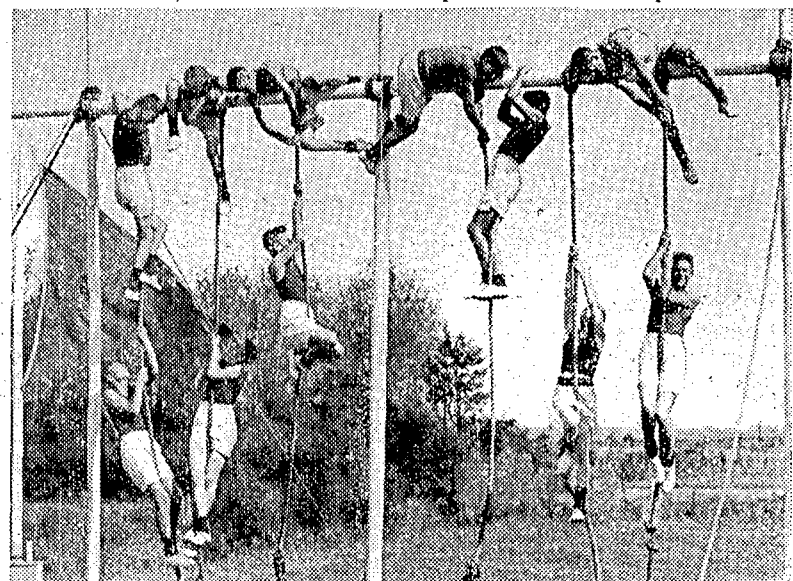
Hockey—An exciting tussle for the ball



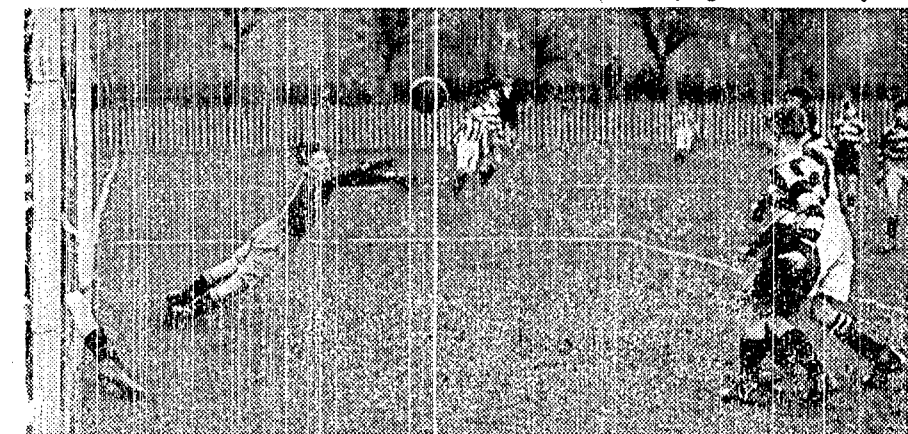
A new idea from the Continent



Tennis, a game for all the year



Climbing ropes in an obstacle race



A Rugby match, and an attack on the goal in Association football



The healthy scholars of a newly-opened school at Eltham

...a sport-loving people, and probably more people play games in Britain than in any other country. Even so, far too many people

...still watch games rather than play them, and it is the object of this campaign to provide facilities and encourage healthy exercise.



# THE SAD STORY OF A NINE-DAYS WONDER

It is 400 years this month since one of the saddest of all short lives began. In October 1537 was born at Bradgate in Leicestershire a child known to history as Lady Jane Grey.

She had a little joy in life, much of it through her tutor John Aylmer, who was afterwards Bishop of London. To him she owed her love of learning. We have a gracious picture of her from the pen of Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster, who visited Bradgate one day. There, when all others were out hunting, he found Lady Jane, then about 13, sitting at the oriel window of her tower reading Plato. She told him she would rather read than go off with the gay company; and she went on to say that, though her parents were sharp with her, God had given her a gentle schoolmaster. "He teacheth me so gently," she said, "so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and thus my book hath been my pleasure."

## A Beautiful Girl of Rare Accomplishments

ROGER Ascham went away marvelling at this girl who could even then write and speak Greek with perfection. At 15 she had mastered Hebrew, and understood Latin and French and Italian. Almost as celebrated for her skill in embroidery, she was acknowledged by all to be a girl of rare accomplishments and of a beautiful disposition.

Today it is almost incredible that this child should have been the innocent actor in one of the most pitiful tragedies of her century. She had no idea of the plots which were being hatched about her, or of the important part she was being made to play in the nation's affairs. She had been in the household of Henry the Eighth's lucky widow, Catherine Parr, and had attended the queen's funeral, and she was back at Court in 1551, when her father became Duke of Suffolk; and in less than two years a marriage was arranged for her with Guildford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland.

Poor Lady Jane begged her father not to make her marry Lord Guildford Dudley, and when told that she must

do so she could hardly cease weeping. When she went on pleading her father struck her, and she was driven into submission by threats and cruelty. On Whit Sunday in 1553 the ceremony took place, the child wife being compelled, against her will, to live with her hus-

not dream that her marriage was part of a plot by which her relatives hoped to win supreme power in the land.

The death of Edward the Sixth brought more trouble for Lady Jane. Not yet recovered from an illness, she was slowly winning her way back to health, a lovely figure doubtful of the loyalty of those who should have been her best friends. On July 9 she was summoned before the Council, where, to her utter consternation, she found the peers of the realm kneeling as she approached; even her parents knelt to kiss her hand. Mystified by all this, she asked in a whisper that she might be

side, he bowing almost to the ground whenever she spoke. The trumpeters sounded the proclamation throughout the city.

Terrible days followed for this girl of 16, with no will of her own, all her plans overruled, all her judgments counted worthless. In one matter alone had she courage to stand up boldly: she would not allow her husband to be proclaimed king. That, she declared, was a matter for Parliament to decide; and what they called her stubbornness caused still more ill-feeling, and more misery for poor Jane, the first and most unhappy lady in the land.

On July 12 she had one bright hour playing with the Crown Jewels, which were surrendered to her by the Lord Treasurer, but it was her last; her reign was almost over; her nine days nearly done. The plot to set her on the throne had failed. Mary had strong supporters. Though Ridley preached in favour of Jane at Paul's Cross, Mary was proclaimed queen all over the land three days after. The people of London turned against Northumberland, and Lady Jane found herself no longer queen but a prisoner in the Tower. Her nine days of power, a power she had never wanted, were gone for ever.

## Lady Jane Grey on Trial For Her Life

THE end drew near. Her father and mother were pardoned, but Lady Jane remained in the Tower. When autumn came she began to hope that Queen Mary would allow her to slip quietly away and live far from the Court with all its intrigues, but in November she was tried for high treason with her husband, his two brothers, and Archbishop Crammer. A beautiful and pathetic figure she looked as she stood there in a long black gown with a hood, one black velvet book hanging before her, and one in her hand. She pleaded guilty and was sentenced to death; but the execution was delayed, and it would probably have been delayed indefinitely had not her father, cruel and foolish, taken part in Wyatt's rebellion. It was his folly that sent his innocent daughter to her death.

The last scene is the most pathetic of all. So hard and cruel had her life been that Lady Jane was not sorry to be done with it at 16. She wrote a few letters, gave her Prayer Book to the Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower, and on February 12, 1554, walked to her death. She sank down by the block, bowing her head for the stroke which was to end all her suffering and heartbreak; and so she passed in a moment out of life, though she lives in history blameless after all these centuries.



Little Jane Grey and her sisters with her tutor, John Aylmer

band's parents, whom she detested and distrusted from the first.

Grieved by the way in which her father wronged her, broken-hearted by the treatment she received, unhappy every hour of the day, this tragic maid, so wonderfully gifted and so beautiful that people turned to look at her, had no idea of the meaning of all the bitterness she was made to endure. She did

told the meaning of it, and she learned that King Edward had made her his heir and that she was Queen of England.

It was the beginning of a nine-days wonder. Jane fainted when she heard that she was queen, but she won command of herself again, and tried to understand the full significance of this strange and frightening thing. She declared that she had no right to be queen, and that one of King Edward's sisters should be crowned; but her father and her husband's father were using her mercilessly for their own ends, and she had no strength to oppose them. She had been bullied into a marriage she hated. She was now bullied on to a throne she did not desire.

In great state she was conducted to the royal apartments in the Tower, the people of London kneeling as she passed. She walked with her husband at her

## The Long, Long Fight For a Canal

Continued from page 7

and 280 feet wide had been cut, and about \$9,000,000 spent, the company went bankrupt, its work was allowed to decay, and the Nicaraguan Government declared the concession forfeited. The French Panama scheme failed as well, but even more disastrously. Congress, however, was still interested in the Nicaraguan project, and called for a new scheme, and, as there appeared to be a chance of acquiring the Panama concession, a Commission was appointed to report on both.

The Nicaragua route was again favoured, with locks rising 110 feet between Greytown and the entry of the San Carlos River into the San Juan above Ochoa, where a dam was to keep that deepened section of the San Juan at the level of Lake Nicaragua. On the Pacific side locks were to lower ships down into the Rio Grande at Miramar, whence the ocean would be reached at Brito. In all, this canal would have six twin locks, each 125 feet wide and 400 yards long, the water rising 42 feet over the sills.

Owing to its greater length the Nicaragua Canal would cost much more to keep in order, but an important point for the United States warships was that the round route would be shorter by 500 miles. The advocates of the Panama scheme, however, were very powerful, and when the Bill proposing the revival of the Nicaraguan scheme was before Congress, and the final decision was about to be taken, every

member of the American Senate received a letter one morning franked with the Nicaragua postage stamp which showed an active volcano.

The effect was volcanic indeed, for the Senators knew little geography and less geology, and so, terrified that an active volcano would menace the canal, and that the \$150,000,000 which was to be spent would be wasted, they adopted the Panama Canal scheme.

After that canal had been cut it was realised that the stamp was the invention of an artist and that there was no active volcano near enough to cause the slightest risk. So in 1916 the United States, realising that the future might make a second canal necessary, made a new treaty with Nicaragua, paying that country three million dollars for the right to cut a canal and to establish naval bases hard by. In 1931 the question came to the front once again, this time owing to the fact that the American naval forces cannot get quickly enough through the Panama Canal, while big liners like the Normandie and the Queen Mary cannot pass through at all.

A third set of locks, costing \$30,000,000, would partly solve the delays on the Panama route, and will probably be constructed; but there are many American strategists who declare that it is essential for America to have a second string to her navy's bow, a silver thread of water through Nicaragua. It is most probable, therefore, that this new canal will be cut in our time.

## Charles Towneley and His Treasures

THERE was born 200 years ago this week a great lover of old and beautiful things. He was Charles Towneley, who came into the world on October 1, 1737, and had the noble Towneley Hall, still standing at Burnley in Lancashire, for his birthplace.

Even in Charles Towneley's day the hall was old, for part of it is said to have been finished by the middle of the 14th century, and much of it is known to have been built in James the First's time. It was in this gracious old house that Charles grew up, and there it was that he found himself entering into his inheritance when only five.

As a child he was sent off to Douay, and as a young man he planted trees on his Lancashire estate and improved the park, living for a time as a typical country squire. But the life of a squire did not satisfy him. He went off from Lancashire to Italy to study art, and after making Rome his headquarters began gathering together a collection of ancient marbles and other treasures.

Excavations were made and priceless sculptures brought to light. Coins, gems, friezes, bronzes, all were bought up by this wealthy lover of beauty, many of his treasures finding their way to Towneley Hall, or to his London home, one of the most wonderful houses in the city. Carvings from the great masters of antiquity, busts of Clytie, Pericles, and Homer, terracotta reliefs, these he displayed in his house, delighting to show them to his friends and even throwing open his doors to strangers.

In his last years he amused himself by designing a gallery and library for Towneley Hall, but he died a month or two before Trafalgar and his plans were never carried out. What did happen was that his collection of marbles, the biggest ever made by any Englishman up to that time, was sold to the British Museum for £20,000, a new gallery being built to hold them. Many other of his treasures, including his bronzes, coins, and gems, went to the museum, where they are still to be seen.



## ONE LONDON AND THE OTHER

### The Shaftesbury Society's Reminder

The Shaftesbury Society, which began its good work as the Ragged School Union 93 years ago, points its appeal for help to carry on with liberal quotation from Arthur Mee's book on London.

To Mr Mee, says the Appeal, London is a magnificent jewel in the world's crown. There is no other city in the world with such treasure. Its collections of art are unsurpassed, its scientific treasures unequalled, the accumulated learning of its libraries incalculable. In it are 29 cities and towns, all described by Mr Mee and nothing left out.

That is all true, the Appeal agrees; but besides this wonder of cities there is a London where the continual pressure of a population mounting to millions, and the struggle for work, leaves thousands of Londoners living in more overcrowded and insanitary conditions than in the distressed areas of the North.

In this second London are 700,000 people living in deplorable conditions. In it 20,000 basement dwellings with 60,000 people were condemned as unfit for human habitation. One-eighth of the Londoners live slum lives.

It is to help these, and to ensure that their children shall grow up healthier than their parents, that the Shaftesbury Society carries on its work, and asks for the help of every good Londoner.

Its headquarters are John Kirk House, 32 John Street, W.C.1, and there donations should be sent. The Editor most warmly commends this work as one of the most reforming influences in the life of poor children.

## Rest Rooms For Relatives

St Bartholomew's Hospital at Smithfield has been provided with rest rooms for the relatives and friends of patients.

The rest rooms, equipped with wireless, sleeping berths, and a canteen where meals are served day and night, are in the new medical block recently opened by Queen Mary.

Everyone is agreed that our hospitals do all that can be done to make the patient happy and comfortable, but often the pain and inconvenience suffered by the patient is hardly greater than the anxiety experienced by the relatives. In spite of all our advance in medical knowledge and surgical skill our hospitals are still scenes of daily tragedy. Anxious men and women learn that waiting is nearly as hard to bear as undergoing an operation.

We should like to see the day when some of our provincial hospitals will make the lot of the out-patient easier. To have to stand, as many do, hour after hour in a queue, in company with battered specimens of humanity, over-hearing conversation which may make them ready to faint, and afraid of the verdict which may be given, is little short of torture. Can no system be devised to eliminate the misery of those who are too poor to pay for a private consultation?

## Television For the Deaf

Though some deaf people are able to listen to the wireless, most of them are unable to do so.

It has been found that the deaf and dumb men of Tower House, at Belvedere in Kent, are able to listen successfully if they have a television set, the visual faculties assisting the aural ones. Experiments made with a set installed by the G.E.C. have been carried out with great success, and the company has handed over the experimental set to the home.

## TO INDIA AND BACK IN A WEEK

### The Man Who Shortened the Way

*When the new Empire flying-boats begin working it will be possible to go to India and back in a week, a truly astonishing feat.*

THIS will nearly halve the time of the journey which now, by the fleetest air services, can take us from Croydon or Southampton to Karachi in four or five days; and it is less than a tenth of the time taken a hundred years ago, when Lieutenant Waghorn set about shortening the time of the journey for what was then the newly-chartered P and O line. What wonders this line has seen in its hundred years of history!

#### Round the Cape

Waghorn, born in the first year of the 19th century, had entered the Navy as a boy, and afterwards joined the pilot service of the old East India Company at Calcutta. When steamships came in he was seized with the idea of shortening the voyage to India, which took the Enterprise, the first steamship to attempt it by way of the Cape, 113 days instead of the 70 expected, by dividing it into two parts. One ship would take the voyagers from Falmouth to Alexandria, another would pick them up in the Red Sea, and there would be an overland journey through Egypt to link the two.

Waghorn's first attempt in 1829 was a failure. He travelled post haste to Trieste, took a sailing ship to Alexandria, and hurried over 100 miles of desert to Suez to meet the Enterprise. She did not arrive, but Waghorn, not to be beaten, took himself and the dispatches he was carrying in an open sailing boat down the Red Sea to find her. But the Enterprise had broken down, and Waghorn would have been in a bad way if he had not been picked up by the East India Company's brig Thetis off Jeddah. It took him four months and 21 days to reach India, which broke no records.

#### Five Shillings a Letter

But Waghorn was not the sort of man to be daunted by mishap, and he came back to England so convinced that his Overland Route was the key to rapid travel that he circularised India merchants, offering to take as many letters for them as they would give him at five shillings a letter by the quick way.

He did not get much custom, and he did not get on very fast, though he did not spare himself in trying to improve the route. But when the P and O Company definitely extended their service to India Waghorn's Overland Route came again into the public eye.

First the traveller, after reaching Alexandria, had to take his baggage by donkey or barge to the Mahmoudiyah Canal. This canal, dug by Mehemet Ali under conditions which remind one of the way the Pharaohs had their pyramids

built was a remarkable engineering feat. Some 200,000 labourers were put on the work without pay and without tools. They dug the canal, 48 miles long, 9 feet wide, and sometimes 18 feet deep, with their bare hands. A tenth of them died before the last barrier was cut and the Mediterranean flowed in.

At the Nile end of the canal passengers and their baggage were again loaded up on camels to carry them a few hundred yards to the Nile and to the river craft which took them to Cairo, or rather to Bulak, two miles away. From there the 100-miles crossing over the desert was made by camel, or on horseback, or in carriages that were a torment to travel in. Waghorn did his best to improve the way, but travellers were urged to bring not less than four or five dozen bottles of drinking water with them. The rest-houses on the way were filthy, but not more filthy than the boats on the Nile, which by strict rule had



Lieutenant Waghorn—a statue at Chatham

to be sunk two or three days in the river before being used in order to dislodge the creatures who paid no passage money.

The way back from India by the Overland Route was longer and worse. The passage by it was such as might today inspire a traveller to write a book about it, though in those days he reserved his disgusted comments for his letters to his friends. The P and O, taking the matter up, improved the overland journey to India by equipping iron barges for the canal and tugs and a steamer for the river, and furnishing food and refreshment. But at its best the Overland Route reduced the journey only to about a month, and it was seldom more than just endurable to the most hardened traveller.

## The Swiftest Animal

HUNTERS and travellers sometimes err in their estimate of the size, strength, and speed of the great beasts they meet in the wilds, but there seems a probability that they will all be proved right in what they have unanimously asserted regarding the cheetah, or hunting leopard.

They have always voted this the swiftest animal over a short distance. Its natural prey is the fleetest of deer and antelopes, and it captures them by sheer speed.

In spite of this, however, it was thought in this country that the English greyhound could beat the cheetah, but the travellers were right after all. Eight cheetahs have been brought to England and tamed and trained by Mr Gandar Dower. The animals, true to their reputation, have proved friendly and amiable, so that it has been possible to test them against the fleetest greyhounds.

To everybody's surprise the hunting leopards are the better sprinters. They can give the greyhounds 40-yards start and a beating in a quarter-of-a-mile race.

That is on a circular track at Harringay; on the straight the pace would doubtless be higher. But, even so, while the greyhounds run at between 36 to 38 miles an hour, the cheetahs gallop at the rate of 42 miles an hour.

Were the contest extended doubtless the dogs would win, for the cheetah has been for thousands of years matching his speed against deer and antelopes for only such distances as serve to win him a meal. If he does not succeed at the end of his first incredible rush he turns aside in disdain. The dog, however, descends from the wolf, which, less swift than the cheetahs and the great cats, makes up in endurance and persistence what he lacks in speed of sprint.

## A FISH STORY

### Dear Fish and Desperate Fishermen

#### TWOPENCE A POUND ON THE SHORE

What is called the White Fish Industry, the catching by trawlers of plaice, cod, haddock, hake, brill, turbot, and so on, covering nearly the whole of the fishing industry except herrings, is in a sorry plight.

It is faced with overproduction and rising costs. It cannot get remunerative prices, and has to pay more for materials because of rising prices generally.

*It has been proposed, as a remedy, to lay up from a tenth to a quarter of our fishing fleet in order to reduce production.*

Such a plan would be altogether opposed to the national interest. Here are the points involved:

1. Fish form a most valuable food.
2. Fish, if cheap to the fisherman, is dear in the shops.
3. According to the best authorities, a large part of our population is very seriously under-fed.
4. Our fishermen form a reserve for the Navy. They did splendid work in the Great War, and if war came again the loss of thousands of fishermen, whose livelihood would be destroyed by reducing the fishing fleet, would be disastrous.

#### Shop Prices

From a stores price list we take the following prices of white fish, per lb.: Cod rod to 1s 2d; haddock rod to 1s; plaice 1s 2d to 1s 4d; turbot 2s to 2s 4d. In cheap streets fish can be bought for something under these prices, but not at figures which justify unremunerative returns for those who catch the fish.

When we remember that these prices are for weight before cleaning it is plain that fish is a dear food. A plaice loses half its weight when cleaned and filleted, so that at 1s 2d a lb its price is really 2s 4d.

Can we wonder that, at such prices, more fish can be caught than are consumed? It seems that organisation of distribution is badly needed to bridge the gulf that separates fisherman and housewife.

Last year the British catch of white fish had an average landing value of less than twopence a pound.

## More Wheat and Fewer Apples

The world is rejoicing in a good wheat year and the price of corn is falling.

That is why we are again paying a bounty to British wheat farmers, for it is due to them under the law as soon as the price falls below a certain definite figure. In this way we encourage them to grow wheat.

The fear of dearer bread is thus removed for the present, and we are entitled to look forward to a fall in the cost of the loaf. It will be welcome, for so many other food prices have risen, even including that of sugar.

A minor but by no means unimportant calamity is the shortage of British apples. Trees that were last year loaded with glorious fruits this year present a barren appearance. Thus we shall be increasingly dependent on imported apples, the price of which will probably rise through the British shortage in most of our orchards. Canada also seems to have a poor apple crop.

*But we called on a great friend the other day and walked with a famous artist through our friend's orchard. Rarely had the great painter seen such a sight, and our mutual friend had already sold from his orchard over five tons of apples—happy man.*



## ARIES THE RAM

### Its Record of 8000 Years

By the C.N. Astronomer

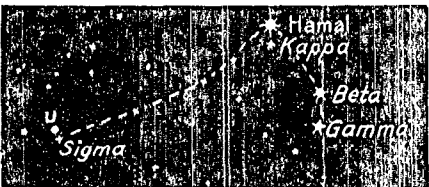
High in the south-east sky in the evening the most ancient constellation of Aries, the Ram, may be easily found with the aid of the star-map. Between 4000 and 5000 years ago this was the first of the Zodiac constellations, and its famous star Hamal, the Sheep Star, as its name implies in Arabic, indicated the Equinoctial Line and the first day of Spring. This line is now some 30 degrees to the west of Hamal, and though still known as the First Point of Aries is actually in Pisces, the constellation preceding it.

Now, as the Sun entered Aries some 20 degrees to the east of Hamal between 6000 and 7000 years ago, astronomers are able to arrive at a definite date of great antiquity associated with Aries and study an astronomical event that has been annually recorded for at least 8000 years. The numerous statues and so on of the ancient Egyptian god Amen as a ram-headed sphinx show how he was honoured and worshipped. It is this god who was symbolised in the heavens by this constellation. What is more important is that its appearance represented the beginning of the much-longed-for Spring, a circumstance even more appreciated in Chaldea, where the constellation appears to have originated.

#### Earth's Changing Tilt

Now Aries has lost its honoured place, usurped by Pisces, the Fishes, owing to the gradual shifting of the Equinoctial Line westward through the constellations of the Zodiac. This is the result of the periodical change in the tilt of the Earth's axis relative to the heavens, spread over a cycle of about 25,800 years and known as the Precession of the Equinoxes. It is caused by the gravitational pull of the Sun, Moon, and planets upon the equatorial bulge of the Earth. One spectacular effect of this was that 6000 years ago the Southern Cross and Alpha Centauri were visible from this latitude.

For us this Precession is bringing about a serious anomaly, for whereas the Sun, Moon, or any planet may be stated to be in a certain Zodiacal sign representing a certain constellation, actually it is in another and usually toward the end of the one preceding. So, though the Sun is described as being in Cancer at midsummer, it is actually in Gemini. We shall eventually reach a stage some 6000 years hence when the Sign of Cancer will be in Capricornus on the other side of the heavens, which will be equivalent to regarding the back of one's head as the front.



The chief stars of Aries, showing a string of small guiding stars to the region of Uranus, marked U

Hamal, also known as Alpha Arietis, is a very large sun radiating about 60 times more light and heat than our Sun, but from a distance 4,826,000 times as great. Hamal's light takes 76 years to span this great abyss, compared with little more than 8 minutes from our Sun.

South of Hamal may be seen what appears to be a small fifth-magnitude star, Kappa. Actually it is composed of two suns, much less massive than ours but in an earlier stage of development. They are only about 3,600,000 miles apart, and as they revolve round their common centre once in little over 15½ days they would be objects of great interest were they as near as Jupiter.

The bright star Beta is also composed of two suns. These are much larger than our Sun and take 107 days to revolve round a central point between them, their average distance apart

## LIVING IN A MAZE

### Mysterious Rings of Walls and Trenches

#### THE SEARCH FOR SECURITY IN THE LONG AGO



A prehistoric maze at Wing in Rutlandshire

While old Hampton Court has been ringing again with the merriment of people who, penetrating the famous maze there, find it impossible to get out alone, the excavators at Maiden Castle at Dorchester have been marvelling at the intricacy of the maze of ring upon ring of trenches and ramparts by which the Stone Age man defended his home.

Mazes have become sport for children, the big ones to be threaded on foot, lesser ones worked out with pencil in the pages of the C.N. Once they were an engineering device for the preservation of life and property in crowded centres of civilisation, and even today they survive in the wilds as bulwarks of devious twist and turn to keep out enemies, both human and animal.

The maze (or labyrinth) has been traced back at least five thousand years, and within our own day two of the most famous known to literature have engaged the attention of those great excavators Sir Flinders Petrie and Sir Arthur Evans, the one near Lake Moeris in Egypt, the other at Knossos in Crete.

#### The Cretan Labyrinth

The Egyptian work impressed Herodotus, who visited it, as greater even than the Pyramids. It was partly above ground and partly below, and contained 3000 chambers built round 12 courts. The Cretan Labyrinth, with its legend of the monster which periodically needed a sacrifice of youths and girls from Athens as it lurked in the fastness within the vast maze (made to confine it at Knossos), was fatal to all who entered it for the first time unguided. To only one person, Theseus, who delivered his generation from the monster, was a clue afforded, and that was a skein of silk which he unwound as he entered, leaving behind a trail by which to return.

Sir Arthur Evans did find a lair among the ruins, but the explanation of the so-called sacrifice seems, according to exquisite paintings and carvings that remained, to have been the astonishing

feats of youths and girls in leaping on, and even somersaulting over, bulls liberated for the public entertainment. The labyrinth is no more, but its trail of silk is recalled in our own story of a silken clue left by Fair Rosamund in her maze of hiding at Woodstock.

We still have rustic mazes left in England, where in the old days children played as did the Italian children in their own land the very year that Pompeii was overwhelmed by Vesuvius. In parts of Africa these mazes still fulfil their original part in the defence of their owners.

British troops sent in 1917 on an expedition to Ovamboland, in what was then German South-West Africa, found each kraal a veritable fort. About it ran a complicated maze, in quite the regulation fashion, consisting of bushes and stockades, so that no stranger could enter or leave undirected.

The maze was the defence against surprise. The plan was repeatedly changed, and the secret communicated only to the members of the family of the Chief and his allies, secure within mazes of their own.

It seems a feat of great ingenuity to fashion these intricate planned ways, but our own Stone Age men did it, and the people of Egypt, of Greece, and of Etruria secured their existence by living within mazes.

## A HIDING-HOLE

### Discovery at Luddesdown Court

When the great country families adhered to the old faith, after Henry the Eighth's break with Rome, wandering priests were suspected of travelling from place to place performing Mass for the benefit of the faithful.

These priests were often chased from one house to another, and many great houses have been found to possess a priest's hiding-hole, often constructed in the great chimneys.

One such hiding-hole has been discovered at the back of the Tudor chimney at Luddesdown Court in Kent. It had apparently been converted to this use after the oratory window was blocked by the erection of the great chimney inside the house.

This "hide" could, however, be entered from the garden by anyone standing on a man's shoulders, and it was probably closed by the original oak window-shutter and secured by a bolt or bar. In size it is three feet by four feet and six feet high, with a narrow ventilation slot above through which food and drink could be lowered without permitting a view of the person hiding there. To divert suspicion from this obsolete window a narrow cupboard was arranged beside it.

## THE BIG CAMERA BOOK

### Encyclopedia of Modern Photography

No holiday is complete without its picture record; in fact, few days in our lives would be complete without their pictures.

News comes to us in photographs from all parts of the world—often by air, wire, or wireless, so that we can see in the newspapers pictures of events which took place, perhaps in America, a few hours before. Advertisements appeal to us with photographs, and when we want entertainment we go to the moving pictures. Ours is a Picture Age.

It has been estimated that five million people in this country use a camera, roughly one in eight of the population; and an encyclopedia of photography has been prepared for this vast army of camera-users.

The whole field of photography is covered by this new work, and the articles, which are arranged alphabetically, are so clearly written that they will appeal to the beginner as much as to the expert. In fact, the beginner will be guided to better and better photographs; the serious amateur will be provided with the means for progress in all directions; and the professional will find the new work a valuable book of reference. The articles are written by fifty leading authorities, and of course the work is lavishly illustrated.

To make it easy for all to buy, this Modern Encyclopedia of Photography is being issued in weekly parts at a shilling, and in the first part, now on sale, particulars are given of a great photographic competition.

## THE LITTER TRAIL

### A South African Calling

A British visitor from South Africa writes that he found everywhere the litter lout a blot on the landscape.

He spent ten minutes at Land's End amid paper and stale food, and hopes he may never have to return there. He walked through beautiful woods in the Cotswold Hills and was able to locate and date the various picnic-parties by their newspapers, and to note the brand of cigarette in particular favour.

He motored a short distance out of London and was soon in pleasant country surroundings. There was a car before him with a sunshine roof, opened, he at first thought, to catch the afternoon sun. Apparently, however, its chief purpose was to form an exit for any material no longer required in the car.

## The Small Tradesman and His Debts

We have been glad to see that Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P., has been raising the question of debts to small traders.

It is well known that men in small ways of business have often great difficulty in collecting money owing to them, and Sir Waldron Smithers gives these four examples:

1. A small tailor, who has made a name as a breeches maker, has over £500 owing to him for goods supplied.
2. A horse dealer, who has £5000 owing for horses supplied and for livery.
3. A forage merchant, who has a large sum owing for oats, hay, and straw supplied.
4. A country grocer, who has to pay cash, and who was compelled to have a bank overdraft, his customers' excuse being "we only pay quarterly."

As Sir Waldron Smithers says, this state of things is a blot on those standards of business integrity of which we as a nation are so justly proud.

Continued from column 1

being 28,750,000 miles. They travel with an average speed of about 20 miles a second, not much faster than that of the Earth, and are at a distance of some 50 light-years, about 3,164,000 times farther away than our Sun.

Gamma in Aries is yet another double-star system, but vastly different from the others, the suns being at an enormous distance apart, and may be seen thus in a small telescope. This was the first double-star to be noted, the astronomer Hooke discovering it in the year 1664.

Aries has an added interest just now because the remote world of Uranus is passing through, his present position being very close to the star Sigma, as indicated by the U on the star-map.

G. F. M.



## APPLES

Springtime brought the glory of the apple-blossom with its profusion of pink and white petals, and now the autumn sunshine has ripened the fruit so that the branches are heavily laden.

Among the most delicious and wholesome of all fruits, apples have long been valued for their health-giving properties. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." It is possible that our notions about the value of apples came from the East, for even in the Arabian Nights we read of Prince Ahmed who bought an apple at Samarkand which was a certain cure for all diseases. According to Scandinavian mythology, Idunn, daughter of the dwarf Svald, kept the golden apples of perpetual youth, and it was by tasting them that the gods were said to keep themselves young.

### A Dumpling Puzzle

Many are the stories told of apples. One of the quaintest is the tale of the king who was puzzled by the apple dumpling. He could find no seam in it, and was at a loss to tell how the apple had got inside. But far older is the story of the Apple of Discord.

At the marriage of Thetis and Peleus all the gods and goddesses were invited with the exception of Eris. In order to make trouble Eris rolled a golden apple along the banquet table, saying it was to be given to the most beautiful of all the company. Instantly there was discord among them, and at last Juno, Minerva, and Venus tied for the first place in this ancient beauty competition, the final decision resting with Paris. His choice fell upon Venus, and of course Juno and Minerva took their revenge on him.

### Atalanta's Race

We read of golden apples again in the story of Atalanta, who was so swift of foot that she refused to marry any man who could not beat her in a race. Many made the attempt, but no one outran her till Milanion challenged her. As he ran he rolled first one, then a second, and at last a third golden apple before Atalanta whenever she sped ahead of him. The apples fascinated her so much that she stopped to pick them up, giving her competitor time to overtake her and win the race.

Greatly beloved in Switzerland is the story of William Tell, who was sentenced to shoot at an apple on his son's head. Though we always link this story with Switzerland, it is apparently only a 14th-century version of an ancient Viking saga, which tells how King Niding commanded Egil to shoot an apple off his son's head.

### A Bible Proverb

It may surprise some of us to learn that there is no mention of an apple in the Old Testament story of the Garden of Eden. The Bible says that Eve ate the fruit of the forbidden tree. For all that, apples are mentioned several times in the Old Testament, and in the Book of Proverbs occurs the curious saying, A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

We owe the story of Sir Isaac Newton and the apple to Voltaire, who tells us that Mrs Conduit, Newton's niece, once told him it was when the scientist was visiting his mother in 1666 that he saw an apple fall, and began to ask himself why it should drop to the ground. If the story is true it was the falling of that apple which led Newton to his theories of gravitation.

## THREE GREAT POWERS

### Coal, Gas, and Oil

Scotland has 25 million tons of good cannel coal. The oil people believe they can make good use of it.

Dr King, of the Scientific and Industrial Research Department, believes that, besides its long recognised value for producing coal gas, it can produce good motor spirit and heavy oil.

The cannel coal can be carbonised so as to make coal gas at the usual cost, and to produce at the same time 40 gallons of tar a ton. Properly treated, these 40 gallons will yield 42 gallons of motor spirit and 25 gallons of heavy Diesel oil, with a residue of ten pounds of paraffin wax.

A good deal of tar is produced in this country outside the gasworks, but if all the tar produced in one way or another were treated by the hydrogenation process it would yield every year 120 million gallons of motor spirit, nearly a tenth of the national consumption, and the gas industry could manufacture all of it. How important the gas industry is to the coal trade is not always realised. Perhaps we may one day have to fall back on the coal which we have instead of on the oil we are seeking.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

On Tuesday next Mr A. Lloyd James will show with records of animal sounds why we can talk and animals cannot.

In a series of dramatic episodes Miss Rhoda Power will, on Thursday, show us what Britain was like under the Romans, Danes, and Normans.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 From Rock to Soil: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Junior Music (Duple and Quadruple Time—the Minim): by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 Sea Routes and Air Routes. 2.5 Southward Bound—Autumn Migrants: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 How We Talk: by A. Lloyd James. 3.0 Handel and the Solo Voice: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Minotaur: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Our Food: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Concert by BBC Scottish Orchestra.

THURSDAY, 11.25 How Drought was Conquered: by L. E. Bury. 2.5 Our Village—Woods and Fields. 2.30 Invaders: by Rhoda Power.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Guiana—Parklands: by Hector Elwes. 2.30 China: by R. T. Barrett. 2.55 A Czech Legend. 3.15 Next week's music. 3.35 Euripides: by Professor Gilbert Murray.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training—Intonation: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 2.5 Forests of Scotland—Peat: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 Poetry—Scots Ballads: by J. W. Oliver.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Simple Forms of Life: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Resting Places: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Fall of the Leaf: by R. J. D. Graham. 3.5 Scottish History—Challenge of the Covenant: by Doris M. Ketelby.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography (Europe—Farms and Vineyards): by Jean-Jacques Oberlin. 2.55 Junior English—Down the Royal Mile: Edinburgh.

## 25 YEARS AGO

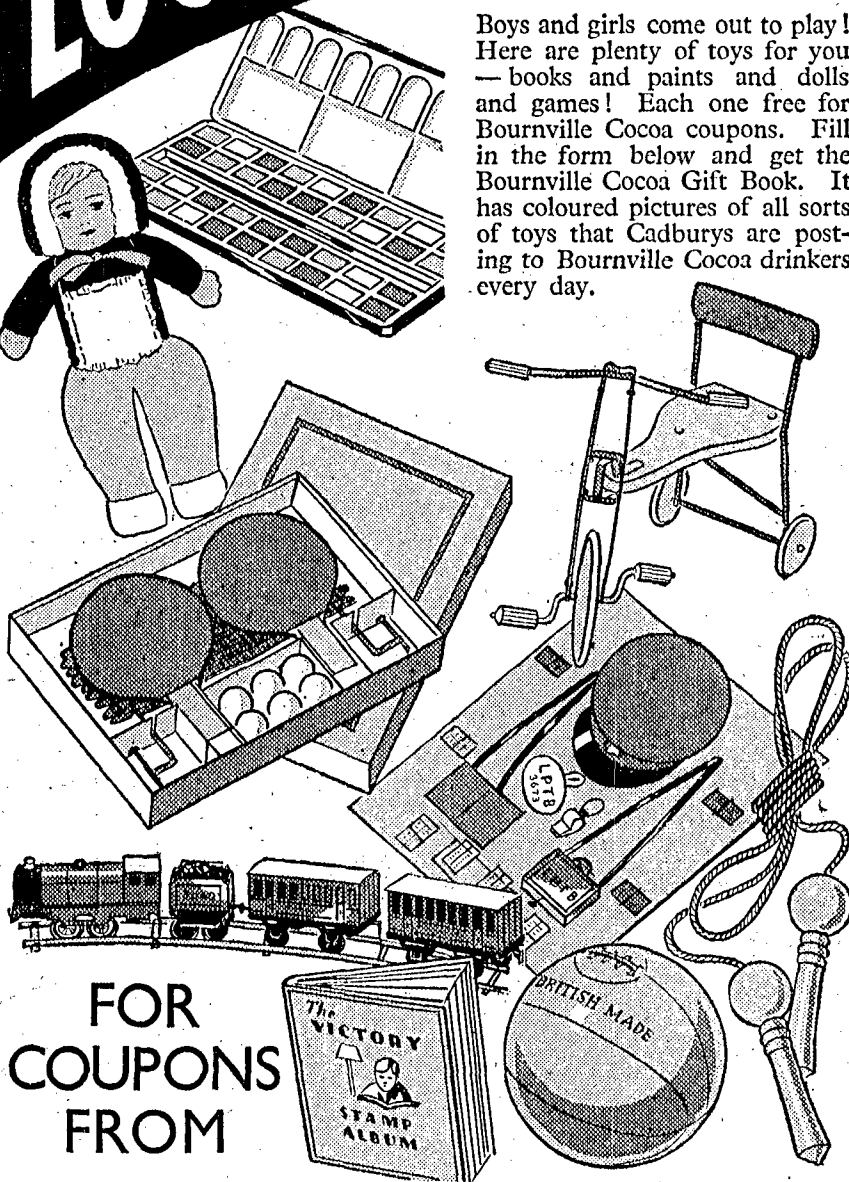
From the C N of October 1912

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# THE INVISIBLE RAY

Complete Story  
By Arthur Gaunt

## CHAPTER 1

### The Visitor

THE manager of the High Street branch of the big London bank stubbed his cigarette end into the ash-tray on his highly-polished desk and made a flourish of impatience. Looking across the palatial but business-like office, he addressed in short tones the man who stood facing him.

"It's all right talking, Winters," he said, "but I'm the one who'll be responsible if anything happens. You may be a director, but remember I'm in charge. And, frankly, I don't like it."

"Pouf! You're afraid we'll be the next victims. I tell you your fears are based on a thousandth chance, Carstairs. If this gang attempt another coup they've about ten thousand banks to choose from—90 per cent of them easier to 'crack' than ours. If you ask me, I'm not convinced that the whole scare isn't a paltry newspaper stunt."

The bank manager frowned, and then nodded slowly. "Perhaps you're right," he answered. "The series of thefts must have got on my nerves. Maybe I'm worrying unduly."

"That's the way to look at it. I must be going now, but take my advice and don't let these affairs get you down."

The manager touched a button, and the door opened to admit a boy. Len Masters, his office boy, stood awaiting orders.

"Show Mr Winters to the door, and then come back here."

When Len returned to the room he found his employer poring over a letter. For several moments no word was spoken, then: "I have a rather strange letter here. Photographs aren't usually enclosed with business communications, but one came in this envelope. I want you to look at it closely, because it concerns you."

Len took the postcard portrait, and his eyes opened wide as he scanned it.

It was the photograph of a man with a bushy beard. He judged the fellow to be middle-aged, though the hair on his bullet-shaped head was thinning. But it was the eyes that attracted most attention—piercing eyes, that seemed to bore into him, even from the photograph.

"It concerns me, sir? But—how?"

"I'm coming to that. He says in this letter he is visiting the bank today, though he considers it advisable to avoid mentioning his name, even in correspondence. That's why he has sent his photograph, so that he may be recognised. It's a strange idea. I've no notion what his business can be. He may be a crank, but I must see him. That is why I'm explaining all this to you. When he arrives show him in here at once."

"Yes, sir."

"And then you had better not return to the outer office. Possibly our visitor may have business which requires a witness. So I shall want you to remain. That is all for the moment."

Len's face wore a puzzled frown as he seated himself again at his own small desk in the outer office. Strange things had been happening lately. First, this series of bank robberies all over the country. The newspapers had been full of them, but Scotland Yard seemed utterly unable to get a line on the culprits.

The thieves were obviously astute, for they not only changed their scene of operations with bewildering swiftness but employed a wide variety of methods.

There was their gun-raid on the Chelmsford bank, their explosive assault on the safes of the Edinburgh bank, and their cheque forgery coup in Portsmouth. Little wonder Mr Carstairs was worried. Nobody knew which bank would suffer next.

But when the bank closing-time came very near, and the visitor had not arrived, his thoughts turned to the possibility of a hoax. And yet . . .

The clock was just about to strike when Len saw him entering by the revolving glass doors. The photograph was no exaggeration; Len recognised him instantly.

"This way, sir," he said, stepping forward. "The manager will see you at once."

"That is kind of him, my young friend." The visitor spoke in guttural tones—German, thought Len. He noted the square package which he carried under his arm, and upon which he seemed to bestow the utmost care. The fellow placed the parcel gingerly on a chair as Len closed the door of the manager's office and waited for the explanations to begin.

"It is good of you to see me, sir," the man told the manager. "I will impose no more on your good nature but state my business plainly."

As he spoke he began to untie the package. The bank manager and Len watched the operation without comment.

As the paper came away a strong carton was disclosed, to reveal in its turn another box; this of wood, and remarkably like a box camera. The main difference was that its lens was a monster one.

"What is this?" the manager asked.

"Ach! You shall see! It is why I am come here. I am come to ask your permit to secure it in your strong room. Gentlemen, you are now seeing the biggest invention for years! That is why I ask your permit to use the security of your bank. It is for a few nights only, and I will pay. The world will soon give me good money for my little black box. Look—I show you!"

He took the instrument in his hands and with a throaty cry directed the beam toward the trio of electric lights suspended in the centre of the ceiling.

Simultaneously the lights in the whole building went out.

## CHAPTER 2

### Sinister Happenings

WHEN Len left the bank that evening his mind was in a whirl. The strange visitor might have been a crank, but he certainly wasn't crazy. His unauthorised demonstration of the little black box had revealed it as an astounding invention, an instrument such as any Government would willingly have paid much for.

For that almost invisible purple ray had the power to put out of action any electric contrivance toward which it was directed.

What a weapon in the event of war! And what a powerful argument it would prove in the cause of peace—provided it were retained by a country who would use it wisely.

That was the danger Herr Goetz (the name by which the inventor had introduced himself) foresaw. He was perturbed at the possibility of his "ray box" falling into wrong hands. So far he had not dared to mention it in public. Sooner or later he would have to give it a public test; but until that moment arrived his main concern was to keep it secret.

Directly the bank manager realised the truth and importance of the matter he had

agreed to keep the box in the bank vault, a strong room with concrete walls built in the lowest basement of the building. Then he and Len had pledged themselves to secrecy. Nobody but they must know where the valuable invention lay.

Len, as he left the bank to go home, felt strangely elated. If only he could tell the hurrying crowds what he knew! But that was impossible. And, in any case, the crowds were impatient just now. They had been annoyed throughout the last month, for the Underground Railway station, next to the bank, was being enlarged, and had been temporarily closed. Everyone had to walk to the next station, a quarter of a mile away, to board a train.

Len was not as impatient as the rest, however, for the work had given him a friend. He had passed many a cheery word with the night watchman who guarded the road excavations which the station alterations made necessary.

"How much longer are they going to take over this job?" he asked as he passed.

He nodded toward the hoardings which surrounded the derelict station entrance.

"Won't be a long job now, I reckon. They're starting a night shift on the work, it seems. Look! There goes another of them! That's the fourth in the last five minutes."

Len looked across the road and saw a man arriving at the closed station. He was dressed in navvies' clothes, and a three-days growth of beard covered his chin. His hand clutched a tin box, and the knees of his trousers were tied with string.

Little realising that he was being watched, the man tapped on a small door in the hoarding. The door was opened from the inside, and he passed through. Within half a minute he was followed by two more men, dressed similarly. In the next five minutes Len counted six more workmen entering by the same door.

"It's time they got a move-on," he remarked to his watchman friend. "But they seem to be pushing things ahead at last. Well, pleasant dreams, but don't let the red lamps go out."

"That's enough of your cheek," came the laughing rejoinder as Len went on his way.

He reached the next station and boarded a homeward-bound train, his mind still full of the afternoon's strange happenings. He ate his tea in such subdued silence that his mother questioned his health.

## JACKO IN A BRAGGING MOOD

WHEN Big Sister Belinda and her husband returned from their holidays they invited Jacko to spend a few days with them.

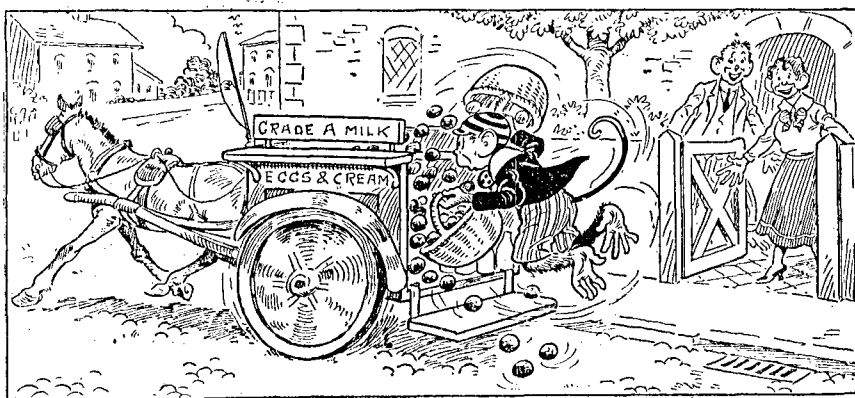
He found it rather dull at times, as Joe was back at the office and Belinda was busy with household duties. At first Jacko tried to help her, but after he had broken the carpet-sweeper and

thing," he answered. "But it's chiefly the way he balances."

"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko. "I'm a nib at balancing. I could do it!"

"Don't be silly!" retorted Belinda. "You're a terrible little boaster!"

Jacko grinned quietly, and watched the milkman go down the street. Then he ran to the kitchen and picked up two



The pony jerked forward—and Jacko went sprawling

cracked the kitchen window she said she could manage the work better alone.

Usually the second delivery of milk came round at dinner-time, and Jacko loved watching the young man step smartly in and out of the back of his pony cart, fetching full bottles and returning empty ones.

"What beats me," he remarked one day, "is the way that chap hops up and down those little steps with both hands full of eggs and cream."

Joe looked through the window. "He's got a steady horse, for one

baskets of tomatoes which Joe had brought home.

Before they could stop him he darted out of doors, and then, with a heavy basket in each hand, he promptly mounted the steps of the milk-cart.

Alas! The pony sensed a strange footstep and promptly jerked forward. So did Jacko!

Over he sprawled on top of the tomatoes, and *splosh* went the juice!

Jacko was in a mess. And when he scrambled up and heard them laugh his face was the colour of a tomato too.

"I'm all right, Mother. I was just thinking about something, that's all," he told her.

But an instant later he put down his cup with a clatter and jumped to his feet.

"Sorry, Mother, but I've just got an idea!" he cried, reaching for his cap. "Don't worry; I'll soon be back."

Before she could recover from her bewilderment he was out of the house, tearing along the road as fast as his legs would take him.

## CHAPTER 3

### Foiled!

RARELY had Len run with such speed.

At the station he was just in time to board a train that would take him back to the bank again. The journey was not unusually slow, but to him it seemed like one of a hundred miles.

He leapt out as the train slowed up, and then he went racing out of the station at breakneck pace. He was panting as he approached his destination. Darkness had now arrived and the neighbourhood was becoming deserted. He was thankful for that; it would enable him to investigate with less risk of being spotted.

His objective was not the bank but the hoardings surrounding the closed station adjoining. After a look round to ensure that he was not being watched, he found a convenient point and scrambled over.

No sign of the workmen was visible, but he thought he heard distant noises, dull grinding sounds that came from below. Making a bee-line for the stairs which led underground, he slipped silently down them. The electric elevator might be working but he could not risk using it.

The sounds he had heard grew louder as he descended. His suspicions were being confirmed. Creeping lower and lower, he at last reached the deserted Underground station platform. The noises that had come to his ears were now unmistakable, and they came from the railway tunnel.

Suddenly his keen ears caught fresh sounds—stealthy footsteps. Somebody was coming out of the tunnel. In a trice Len darted into a side opening. It was well that he did so, for from the tunnel emerged not one man but several. And each carried two bulging canvas bags.

Len had seen those bags before—in the strong room of the bank! They contained a large sum in gold and silver. In the darkness he groaned in despair. He was too late!

As he had astutely surmised, the "workmen" were not navvies, but members of the bank-breaking gang. He saw the cleverness of their scheme. Using the Underground railway alterations to cover up their operations, they had come at night and had bored their way upward into the bank vaults.

The problem was, Could he outwit them? Frantically he sought a ruse. Nothing came to his mind, until—

The idea came as the last of the gang passed his hiding-place. With only a moment's pause to ensure that he was not seen, he slipped out and melted into the darkness of the tunnel.

"It's just a small chance," he told himself, "but I've got to succeed!"

The opening which the thieves had bored into the bank gave him entry to the safe room. With a thumping heart he surveyed the scene. A big hole had been cut in the door of the safe to enable the crooks to rifle the contents.

Len thrust his trembling hands inside and groped about. His fingers touched a little black box; he pulled it out with a sigh of relief. Back through the roughly-hewn hole he retreated. There was nothing to stop him now, for he heard the elevator motor starting up. The thieves were halfway toward the surface by the time he reached the bottom of the shaft.

Excitedly he fumbled with the black box. His heart leapt into his mouth as he thought for a moment that the instrument had failed him. Then from its big lens there suddenly shot out a shaft of almost invisible purplish light. He directed it up the elevator shaft and waited nervously for the result.

It came with startling speed. Paralysed in an instant, the elevator jerked to a standstill, twenty feet from the surface. A volley of oaths floated down as the gang tried to restart it. But they could do nothing. They were trapped as securely as in a gaol—by a boy, single-handed!

"Don't worry," Len called. "You'll soon be rescued, by the police!"

And they were.

And that was not the end of the adventure, for the unofficial demonstration of the ray brought it prominently before official notice. Len was a national hero for days.



## SLUGGISHNESS Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious danger involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 2, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

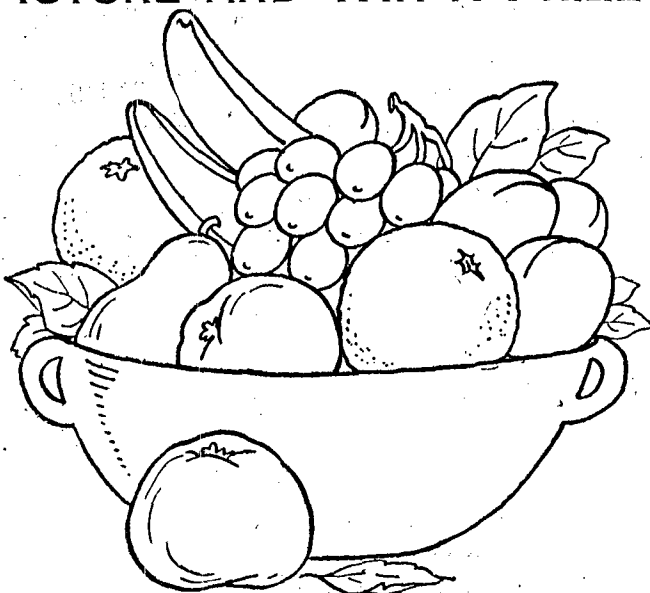
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## PAINT THIS PICTURE AND WIN A PRIZE

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There is no entry fee and all will have equal chances of winning, for allowance will be made for age when judging. No reader may send more than one attempt. The Editor's decision, as usual, must be accepted as final.



## THE BRAN TUB

### Who Is He?

CONSORT of a famous queen, Monuments his name recall. Letters six that name contains. Change the first, reverse them all, And—hey presto!—you will see That they're multiplied by three.

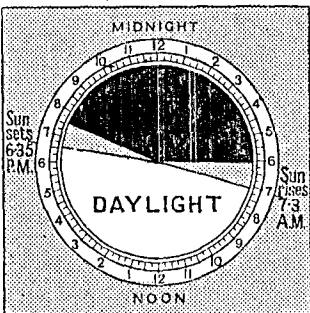
Answer next week

### The Stop Watch

BILL: Did your watch stop when you dropped it?  
Jack: Certainly. Did you expect it to go through the floor?

### Peter Puck on School

AT sums, alas, I don't excel;  
Nor do I find in them much glee.  
Take simple interest. Well, my friends,  
It simply does not interest me



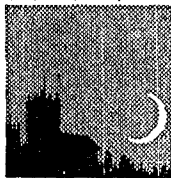
Summer Time ends on Sunday. These two charts indicate (left) daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 2, the last day of Summer Time, and (right) on October 3, the first day of Greenwich Time.

**Jumbled Subjects**  
THE letters of each of the following words and phrases, if rearranged, spell the names of six subjects taught in school.  
SHY RIOT BAN TOY  
OH GREY GAP A LINT  
HIS GLEN MANGER

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars and Jupiter are in the South-West, and Saturn is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the East. The picture shows the Moon at five o'clock on Wednesday evening, October 6.



### A Proverb Rewritten

Birds of a feather flock together  
KINDRED ornithological specimens congregate unitedly

**What Happened on Your Birthday**  
Oct. 3. William Morris died . 1896  
4. Richard Cromwell born . 1626  
5. Philip III of France died . 1285  
6. Jenny Lind born . 1820  
7. Oliver Wendell Holmes died 1894  
8. Alfieri, Italian poet, died . 1803  
9. St Denis, patron saint of France, died . . . . . 272

### This Week in Nature

THE jack-snipe arrives in this country for its winter stay. The plumage is a mixture of black, brown, yellow, and white markings, the jack-snipe being a more colourful bird than the common snipe. The jack-snipe frequents damp, boggy grounds, and feeds on small water insects and the seeds of some water plants.

## The Mystery of the Draught-Board Pattern

Here is the first of a series of simple yet mystifying conjuring tricks which are to appear in the C.N. from time to time. This trick usually gets plenty of applause because the end is so unexpected.

You show the audience two pieces of tissue paper, one white and the other black. Also show that your hands are otherwise empty. Placing the papers together, tear them again and again until you have a packet of little torn pieces. Then, picking up a fan, explain that you are going to cause a draught. Fan the pieces of paper, open them out, and it will be seen that they have formed themselves into a draught-board pattern with black and white squares.

This is the secret of the trick. A specially-prepared piece of paper, black and white

in squares, will be needed, so cut a lot of squares from some black paper and paste them neatly on to a large square of white tissue paper. When this is done fold the draught-board paper into a neat packet and conceal it under your left arm. On the table have a hat with a small fan in it, and all is ready.

Hold the papers one in each hand and show them on both sides. Now place both pieces of paper in your right hand and with your left hand draw back your right sleeve. To do this grasp the sleeve underneath, near the armpit. Now place the papers in your left hand and with your right hand draw up the left sleeve. As you do this your right hand is easily able to take the folded draught-board paper and conceal it behind the fingers.

Now, keeping the backs of your hands toward the audience, proceed to tear up the two papers, folding the pieces together into a neat packet. Now slide the torn pieces into your right hand and leave the draught-board paper visible in your left hand. Pick up the fan with your right hand and at the same time leave the pieces of torn paper in the hat.

The rest is easy. Fan the paper and unfold the draught-board.

The final result is usually such a surprise that even if the trick has not been performed very neatly there is likely to be much applause.

Remember that practice makes perfect, and it will be advisable to try out this little trick a few times before performing in front of an audience.

### Tales Before Bedtime

#### When the Wind Blew

JOHN and Mary ran all the way to the park. It was a windy day, and they could hardly wait to see if their new red kite would go flying over the tree-tops.

"You hold the string, Mary," said John, "and I'll throw the kite up as high as I can."

The first time it only went up a little way before it fell to the ground, where it lay, looking sad and disappointed. They tried again, and this time the wind blew just as John was throwing the kite up into the air. "Run, Mary, run!" he shouted.

Mary ran as fast as she could, and the kite went higher and higher until all they could see was a tiny red speck in the sky.

"It's time to go home now," said John, after they had watched it proudly for a long while, and they began to wind up the string.

Nearer and nearer came the kite till it was only a little way above their heads, and then a dreadful thing happened. A gust of wind blew it down suddenly, but, instead of falling on to the grass, the kite stuck on the top branch of a tree.

They looked up at it, and John, who was only a very little boy, began to cry.

"Never mind, John," said Mary, putting her arm round him; "perhaps you'll have another kite next birthday."

That night the wind blew harder than ever. John woke up and listened as it howled around the house. Woof! it went against the windows. John pulled the bedclothes over his head so that he could not hear it.

They did not run to the park the next morning, but walked slowly, thinking of the lost kite. John was looking down sadly at the ground when Mary suddenly caught hold of his arm.

"Look, John!" she cried, pointing across the grass. "The tree has blown down!"

"There's our kite, close to the ground!" cried John, as they ran to the place.

How they laughed as they lifted it off the branches! The strange thing was that though the great tree had blown down in the gale the red kite wasn't hurt.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Seven Diners. The 420th day, 420 being the least common multiple of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Buried Poets. Hood, Keats, Pope. Anagram. Merit, timer, remit, mitre.

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

A	R	A	B	V	A	L	I	S	E	U	P
W	A	S	P	S	W	E	T	T	E	S	T
A	M	P	K	E	N	A	L	W	A	Y	S
R	S	C	U	M	S	I	R	E	R	O	S
E	E	H	A	U	N	T	T	H	E	N	E
T	O	E	S	T	A	R	L	E	T	S	
H	O	N	E	E	T	E	E	M	P	O	T
A	N	R	E	S	T	E	D	P	L	A	T

## CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The discomfort caused by a strong dose of medicine can be agonisingly painful to a child. It is like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels.

How different is the gentle, smooth, easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a pure fruit laxative that starts a natural movement which carries away all the hard, clogged up waste-matter from the system without worrying the child in the least. In a few hours, after all the half-digested food and poisonous, fermenting waste-matter have passed from the system, the child is like a different being—happy, contented and full of "go."

The internal cleansing which 'California Syrup of Figs' gives is positive but gentle, and without the faintest twinge of discomfort.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

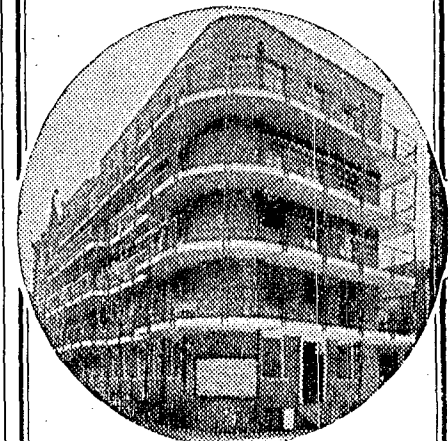
'California Syrup of Figs' is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is safe for children. It is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

## MARIE ELISABETHS ARE REAL SARDINES

in delicious oil, are not costly, are greatly liked by, and are good for, YOUNG PEOPLE.

GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing. ★ They can be had at every good grocer's in the British Isles.

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